

DE VEULLE SENT TO PRISON—RUTHERFORD TRIAL

The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN THAT OF ANY OTHER DAILY PICTURE PAPER

No. 4,820.

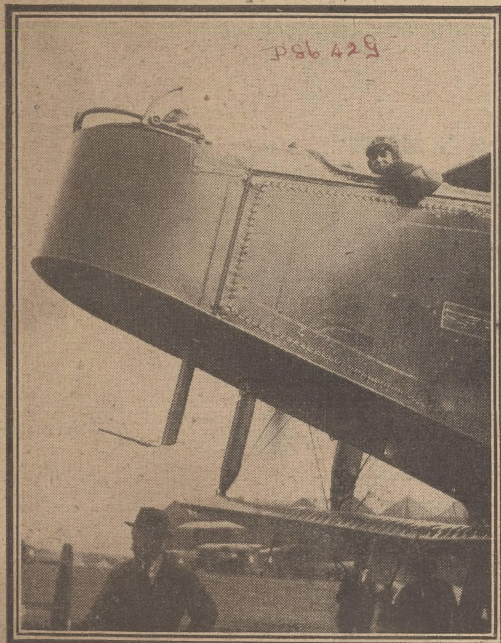
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TUESDAY, APRIL 8, 1919

[16 PAGES.]

One Penny.

THE PRINCE OF WALES' FIRST FLIGHT OVER LONDON



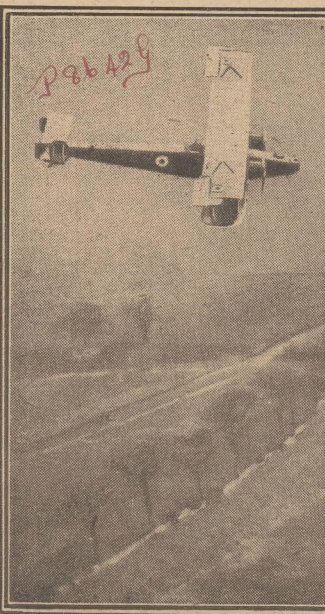
Seated in the aeroplane just before setting out.



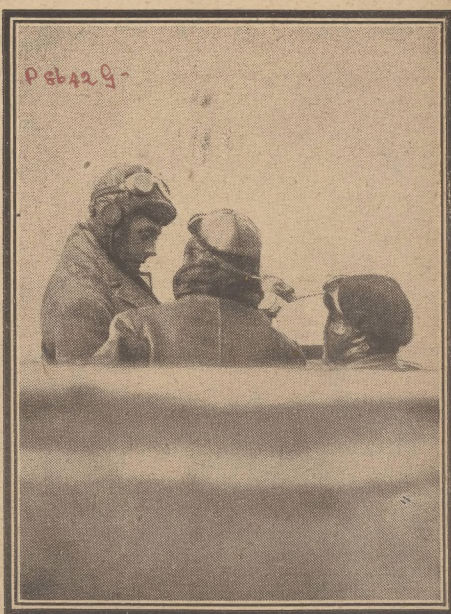
The Prince adjusting his telephone. Behind him Lady Joan Mulholland, who was one of the passengers.



Talking to Lieutenant Andrew Carruthers, the pilot.



The Prince's aeroplane seen from another craft.



During the flight. The Prince on the left.

The Prince of Wales saw his home from the air yesterday, when he made his first flight over London in a big Handley-Pago "bomber." It was perfect flying weather, and the

Prince, clad in great-coat, furred helmet and goggles, encircled the metropolis for about an hour. An account of his flight will be found on page 2.

HUNGARY: SMUTS' TERMS—HUNS' "NO GOLD" PLEA

100,000 NEW HOUSES FOR WORKERS.

Overcrowding Scandal Revealed by Minister.

"A REAL HEALTH BILL."

Significant points about the housing of the workers were made by Dr. Addison in moving the second reading of the Housing and Town Planning Bill in the House of Commons yesterday.

Three million people were living in overcrowded conditions (i.e., more than two in a room).

One house, in which there were thirty-one people, had one water tap.

In twenty-nine houses in the same street 733 people were living in 168 tenements.

Of 438 persons suffering from tuberculosis in Finsbury, 352 had to share a bed with other people.

The present powers of local authorities with regard to unfit houses were wholly inadequate, and another obstacle to progress was our existing procedure, said Dr. Addison.

The Bill made it the duty of a local authority to provide a scheme where necessary; and if this was not done the Local Government Board would empower the county council to undertake the work or do it themselves.

Local authorities would have power to acquire buildings, to repair them and put them in a fit state for dwellings. Local authorities and the central authority would also be empowered to give financial assistance to housing trusts and public utility societies engaged in housing schemes.

100,000 NEW HOUSES.

Projected schemes would provide about 100,000 houses. The sites represented an average of 4,620. The number of houses for which plans, specification, etc., had been prepared was 6,609.

Army huts being erected in fifteen towns as specimens of model housing.

Sir Donald Maclean declared this was the real Health Bill. Housing easily took first place at the general election.

Sir Donald was disappointed with the land proposals. Nobody had right to more for his land than the pre-war price.

Major D. Watts Morgan said the constituents in the Rhondda Valley were exasperated at the slowness of the authorities in regard to housing, and they described the House of Commons as "The Weary Willies of Westminster."

Welsh Ministry of Health.—The parliamentary correspondent of *The Daily Mirror* writes that there is a strong movement among the Welsh members to get a separate Ministry of Health for Wales.

The subject is to be raised on the report stage of the Ministry of Health Bill, which is to be taken to-morrow.

THE KING AND HOUSING.

The King and Queen will receive the representatives of the National Housing and Town Planning Council and other organisations at 4.15 on Friday.

FOE WANTS MORE FOOD BUT "HAS NO GOLD."

Allies Ask Neutral Bankers to Tell Them About Foe Credits.

At the conference between the Allied and German financial experts the Germans demanded fresh consignments of food; but also said it was impossible to continue their payments in gold.

They said that their gold supplies would soon be exhausted in view of the large credits which would fall due in neutral countries.

They stated that Germany's lack of freedom of commerce prevented them from paying for Allied food.

The Allied representatives have summoned a meeting of the heads of important neutral banks, who will be asked to state their views upon the exact situation in regard to German credits. They will also be asked why these credits cannot be renewed by Germany.

Reuters' Special.

WIDOWS REMARRY.

Marriages of widows (says the Registrar-General) have been relatively more common, and those of widows with bachelors very much more common than at any previous period.

The explanation of the increase in the proportion of widows amongst the brides of the year is obviously the increased number of young widows created by the war.

Odessa.—The evacuation of Odessa, says the *Independent*, began three days ago. Estonian communists announce an advance on Pskoff.

Murmansk Finns Overawed—Agreement Said to Have Been Reached on Reparation.

BEATTY GOING TO PEACE CONFERENCE.

Points from the News.—General Smuts has made a number of proposals to the Hungarians (given below) and points from the news yesterday were:—

Germans want more food, but plead "no more gold" to pay for it.

Admiral Beatty is going to the Peace Congress.

Reported agreement on reparation.

Mr. Wilson's ship, the *George Washington*, is being refitted at New York preparatory to departing for Brest.

Mr. Lloyd George's cold is better, and he is expected to make a statement about Congress work to-day.

BETTER NEWS FROM THE GENERAL SMUTS' TERMS ARCHANGEL FRONT.

Indications of an Early Break-Up of the Ice.

The Daily Mirror learned last night that all arrangements are being made to get a relief force through to Archangel as early as humanly possible.

There are indications that this is going to be an early year as regards the break up of the ice, and the authorities have heard from General Ironside that the small streams in the White Sea are already beginning to melt.

The American forces directed to Northern Russia, says Reuter, are under the command of Brigadier-General Richardson, an expert in Arctic work.

He left England a week ago with 400 men, having been preceded by detachments of similar strength.

The Americans, who were dispatched in two American cruisers, are largely railway experts. Their special work is to improve and keep open rail communication with the Murmansk coast.

The American force now at Murmansk and Archangel numbers 5,000 men.

FINNISH RISING STOPPED.

WAR OFFICE, Monday. In a wire received from Murmansk, dated April 5, the General Officer Commanding states that there is an improvement in the state of affairs at Kandalaksha.

The rising of Finns, Karelians and Bolsheviks had been planned on a large scale, but the announcement that reinforcements were on their way to the front caused the leaders to abandon the plan.

The leaders of the Finnish Legion have signed an agreement to the effect that they will comply in future with the wishes of the General Officer Commanding. This does not imply that the danger is completely passed, but it is a step in the right direction.

The Bolshevik communiqué claims that fighting continues on the Archangel front, and that in the Peltiaste region the "Reds" have advanced eighteen versts. West of Obogerskoy, all enemy attacks on Ozerka were frustrated, while in the Lugansk region violent attacks by the enemy were repulsed.

As to the origin of the British Force in North Russia, *The Daily Mirror* is informed that the first small detachments defeated the purpose of the German troops in Finland. At that time the Germans numbered over 50,000 men, and were aiming at the creation of a submarine base on the coast.

Colonel Wedgwood has given notice in the Commons to move the adjournment to-day in order to call attention to the situation of our troops in Russia.

"WHOLE OF EUROPE WILL BECOME BOLSHEVIST."

Wild Statements by Bavarian Revolutionaries.

COPENHAGEN, Monday. A Berlin telegram says that a Red army will be formed in Bavaria.

The new Government will enter into friendly relations with Hungary and Russia. Every connection with the Scheidemann Government (Berlin) will be broken off.

At a meeting in Berlin of the Soldiers' Council representatives from Bavaria declared that nothing could prevent a Red revolution in Bavaria.

The movement would spread to German Austria and Wurttemberg, and the fate of Prussia would be practically sealed within a few months.

The whole Continent of Europe, they declared, would become Bolshevik. Although little notice is taken of these statements in Berlin, yet in leading circles there the Bolshevik danger is appreciated.—Exchange.

Reply Asking for More Favourable Boundary Lines.

General Smuts, says a Copenhagen message, has made the following proposals to the Hungarians:—

The Hungarian Government must withdraw all Hungarian troops and all armed forces west of a fixed line.

All Rumanian troops will receive the order not to advance beyond their present positions. The territory falling within the line fixed and the present front of the Rumanian Army is to be regarded as a neutral zone, and is to be occupied by British, French and Italian, and, if possible, American troops.

The Hungarian Government accepts the terms of the armistice concluded on November 3, 1918.

General Smuts will propose to the Great Powers assembled in Paris that they should immediately raise the blockade of Hungary.

He will propose that Hungarian plenipotentiaries should be invited to formulate their standpoint before frontiers are fixed in Peace Treaty.

The reply of the Hungarian Soviet Republic says:—

The Government is prepared to create a neutral zone, but on condition that its frontier is not only shifted westward, but also east to the Maros line.

In the portion of the neutral zone to be evacuated and to be occupied by Allies the constitution of the Republic shall remain in force.

A conference of the Republic, Bohemia, Rumania, Serbia, Yugoslavia and German-Austria to meet in Prague or Vienna.

Entente to provide for the cessation of the "barbarous persecutions to which every labour movement in the occupied regions is subjected."

General Smuts reports that he found the local Soviet in power in Budapest and exercising functions somewhat resembling those of a municipal council.—Reuter.

PREMIER TO MAKE A PEACE STATEMENT.

Mr. Lloyd George's Cold Said To Be Better Last Night.

Paris prophecies that the Peace Treaty would be ready by to-morrow have proved too optimistic, says:—"If the Allies try not as prosecutors and judge at the same time, they will have more to fear than Germany herself."

"The better course," he adds, "would be to appoint a neutral tribunal; Germany is also able to state a good case."

It is authoritatively stated that an agreement on the main points of reparation has been reached in Paris. A French official impression was that the French view had prevailed to a greater degree than they had hoped.—Reuter.

President Wilson is reported to have telegraphed for the *George Washington* to come to Brest. That would seem to suggest the early conclusion of peace.

Brookdorf-Rantzau, the German Foreign Minister, says:—"If the Allies try not as prosecutors and judge at the same time, they will have more to fear than Germany herself."

"The better course," he adds, "would be to appoint a neutral tribunal; Germany is also able to state a good case."

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TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

S.E. England: Light southerly winds, becoming indefinite. Fair generally, but local showers. Rather mild. Mist locally.

WHEN FLIERS CROSS THE ATLANTIC.

Lights To Be Fired at Night by Ships.

FINDING THE WAY.

The days when the attempts will be made to fly across the Atlantic (1,900 statute miles) appear to draw appreciably nearer.

An aeroplane built by Shortt Brothers will arrive at Limerick on April 15 and a start will be made next day.

In Newfoundland, says Reuter, the pilot of the Sopwith machine hopes to make a trial trip next Saturday with his machine, which was being assembled yesterday, as the Atlantic flight depends on the result of the trial.

The machines which have entered for the flight are:—

| Machines. | H.P. | Speed. |
|----------------------------------|-------|--------|
| Martinayde (Mr. Raynham) | 285 | 100 |
| Fairley (Mr. Pickles) | 375 | 120 |
| Shortt (Major Wood) | 350 | 95 |
| Sopwith (Mr. Hawker) | 350 | 100 |
| Whitehead (Captain Payne) | 1,600 | 115 |
| Scaplan (Captain Sudstedt) | 440 | |

FULL MOON.

The moon will be full on April 15, and it is probable that the first attempt will be made by Mr. H. G. Hawker, flying the Sopwith machine, on or about this date.

He is expected to start about 2 a.m. Newfoundland time (about 10 p.m. British time).

He would thus fly through the night, and if his venture succeeds should arrive between four and five o'clock the following afternoon.

The navigator will use a good compass, a drifting bearing plate, a course and distance calculator, a chronometer watch, a sextant, a navigating machine and a protractor.

With these instruments at his disposal and with the meteorological information and directional wireless available to him, the navigator should be able to keep a correct course for the British Isles.

Three methods of navigation can be used:—Direction finding by wireless telegraphy, astronomical observations, dead reckoning.

WIRELESS WORDS.

Further assistance may be obtained by the navigator by means of wireless communication with passing ships, which may be able to give him their position.

Ships which bear aircraft during the night have been asked to fire lights to attract the airman's attention.

An aeroplane in distress will fire a series of white Very's lights at short intervals or will send an S.O.S. call.

During April the prevailing winds over the greater part of the Northern Atlantic are westerly, and have a surface velocity of fifteen to twenty miles an hour.

GETTING THE WEATHER.

Weather reports for day and night use by the competitors are being obtained by the Air Ministry from the United States Weather Bureau, the Canadian Meteorological Office, Newfoundland, home stations, and ships along the route, and efforts are also being made to secure regular weather information from the meteorological stations at the Azores and Lisbon.

Competitors starting from this side will receive weather forecasts direct from the Air Ministry.

For the convenience of competitors who may desire to land in Ireland the Air Ministry has arranged for an R.A.F. aerodrome at Fermoy, County Galway.

RULES OF AIR TRAVEL.

Draft rules for aerial navigation provisionally approved by the Aeronautical Commission of the Peace Conference are:—

Markings by capital letters, the first letter to represent the maker of the machine.

Group of five letters as call signal.

Certificates of airworthiness based on design, trials, workmanship, materials and equipment.

Wireless and Very light signals for night.

Approaching aircraft to bear to starboard.

BEATTY FOR PEACE TABLE.

Admiral Sir David Beatty is going to the Peace Conference in Paris.

Admiral Beatty was to have received the freedom of Leicester on April 23, but has written that his attendance is necessary at the Peace Conference next week, and that there is no prospect of his being available within the next few weeks.

MINISTERIAL CHANGES?

The Exchange says there were interesting rumours last night in the lobbies of impending Ministerial changes in more than one department of State, following upon the announced retirement of Sir Auckland Geddes.

THE INSTITUTE OF BANKERS AND THE COMING BUSINESS BOOM.

Mental Reconstruction Which Doubles Efficiency and Earning Power.

THE SECRET OF SUCCESSFUL ACTION.

SPEAKING at the Institute of Bankers on "The Economic Outlook," Mr. Edgar S. Crammond has drawn attention to the fact that all the important wars since 1793 had been followed by periods of increased production and intense economic expansion, and has given reasons for believing that the same sequence is now in process.

"It is my reasoned and deliberate conviction," he says, "that, as the result of the war, the economic development of the world has been impelled forward by at least two generations, and we are on the eve of a period of intense activity in trade such as the world has never known."

The period of Business expansion that is now upon us calls for greatly increased efficiency, as the Prime Minister has repeatedly stated, in every branch of Business and Industry. Judging from the number of letters received at the Pelman Institute every day Business men and women are thoroughly alive to this need. Applications for courses of Pelmanism are pouring in from all ranks of the Business Army, from the Managing Director to the latest joined junior clerk. Many firms are enrolling their entire staffs for Pelman Courses. Instances of incomes doubled and trebled in a few months as the result of Pelman-training are reported almost every day. Now is the time to start training your mind to the highest possible level of efficiency by means of this famous course of Mental-Reconstruction. Unlimited opportunities of progress and profit are now open to those who have made themselves efficient by this method.

To all who wish to take advantage of these unrivalled opportunities in Business, Commerce, Industry, and the Professions, the Pelman Institute will send free of cost:—

1. A copy of "Mind and Memory," containing a full description of the Pelman System.
2. A reprint of "Truth's" Report on the work of the Institute.
3. Particulars enabling readers to take the full Course at once at a reduced fee.

To secure the above by return of post use the coupon printed below.

TREBLED INCOMES.

Astonishing Results of Pelmanism.

THE NEW BUSINESS WATCHWORD

Astonishing results are reported by Business men and women as the result of adopting Pelman methods in their businesses, offices and factories.

Some even report that their incomes have gone up 100, 200 and even 300 per cent, as the result of taking the Pelman Course.

"Pelmanise it!" has become the new Business watchword.

Shaking off the thrall of the war-years, Business men and women are turning with new hope to the work of Production, and are determined to go ahead at double-speed.

But "double-speed" can only be attained, and what is more, maintained, by doing away altogether with the inefficient and wasteful methods of the past. We must have no more muddling, no more inertia, no more waste of precious time, energy and material. We must have no more unscientific, halfhearted methods of organisation—or disorganisation, as it ought more rightly to be called. We must co-ordinate our energies. We must get the very best out of our minds.

Saving Waste Effort.

That is why Pelmanism is doing such valuable work at the present time. Pelmanism trains the mind, and enables us to direct our energies scientifically so as to produce the maximum effect with the minimum expenditure of effort. And without this scientific direction energy is inevitably wasted, diffused, and spent in unprofitable effort.

Pelmanism, by giving us perfect command of our mental powers, conserves our energies. It enables us to do more work—and yet get less tired in the end. It overcomes those inner mental resistances and conflicts which, as modern Psychology tells us, cause the mind to wander and prevent us from concentrating fully upon the work before us. The Pelmanised mind is a perfectly co-ordinated mind, and works smoothly and swiftly—like a well-oiled engine—and without friction. Thus Pelmanism is saving thousands from brain-fag and nervous overstrain. It is said that as a result of the war-years nearly 80 per cent. of the people of this country are suffering from over-strain. Pelmanism is the true scientific remedy for this strain, and every day letters are received from men and women thanking the Pelman Institute for the way in which the Course has toned up and refreshed their tired and over-fatigued minds.

Brain-Fag Cured.

Here is a case in point. It is a letter from a Schoolmaster who has recently gone through a Course of Pelmanism, and this is what he writes:—

"I can safely say that I now have no desire to waste time in useless occupation. I find that I can really get through more work. The past few weeks have been the busiest of my life, and yet I have felt that I could have got through even more. Brain-fag is a thing I do not now experience."

(M. 12483.)

As this letter indicates, Pelmanism not only prevents the brain getting fagged and over-tired, and makes for mental ease of working, but it thus enables those who follow the directions given in "The Little Grey Books" to work much more rapidly than before, and therefore to get through much more work in a given time.

Thus another Pelman student writes:

"Through Pelmanism I can condense a smattering of course into three, and my work better and more easily." (B. 16825.)

A third adds:

"I have been able to add two hours daily to my business working capacity." (S. 19419.)

Whilst a fourth, a Naval Accountant, writes to say that as a result of his increased power of Concentration, developed by Pelmanism, he has been able to get through his work three times as quickly as before, and that this tremendous improvement was brought about in only three months.

Eliminating Business Faults.

Amongst the business faults cured in this way by Pelmanism are the following:

- Forgetfulness.
- Mind-Wandering.
- Listlessness.
- Inertia.
- Diffidence.
- Lack of Initiative.
- Faulty Judgment.
- Want of Energy.
- Mental Flurry.
- Lack of Order.
- Procrastination.
- Indecision.

And many others. It will be readily understood, therefore, how it is that those who eradicate these business faults and weaknesses and at the same time double their speed of working are able to earn much more money than they were able to do before, are picked out for promotion, and are able to secure higher and much more important positions than those they previously occupied.

But Pelmanism does a great deal more than this. Whilst eradicating these causes of inefficiency it at the same time develops the positive qualities which make for efficiency, that efficiency which is needed more to-day than ever before in the country's history.

What Pelmanism is Doing.

Here are some of the valuable qualities developed by Pelmanism, qualities which make for efficiency and success in every walk of life.

Pelmanism makes you a quick and accurate observer.

It enables you to grasp rapidly the heart of complicated problems, and to separate the essentials from the non-essentials.

It enables you to concentrate and direct all your powers with irresistible force upon the work immediately in front of you.

It gives you the power of starting and initiating things on your own, and seizing opportunities as they occur.

It enables you to weigh, balance and compare the various factors which make up a problem (Business or otherwise) and to arrive at a sound judgment upon them.

It develops the power of deciding instantly upon a given course of action and to follow it out with unremitting energy until the desired result is accomplished.

It gives you the determination and forcefulness which enable you to overcome obstacles and to rise supreme over difficulties.

It gives you that optimistic outlook on life, without which no great thing can be done, an optimism based upon an accurate knowledge of the efficiency of your own powers. (And unless you have this confidence in yourself you cannot expect to win the confidence of others.)

It gives you that Resourcefulness, which finds a way out of unexpected difficulties, and which enables you to deal with events as they occur, together with that Tactfulness (arising from a knowledge of the mental processes and individual idiosyncrasies of others) which enables you to secure your point without offending other people.

It enables you to "plan ahead," to foresee the difficulties you may encounter and the way to resolve them and to carry out your schemes without a hitch and "according to plan."

It gives you the faculty of always doing

things "to time," which gains for you the deserved and valuable reputation of being always "reliable," a person who can be depended upon.

It gives you a perfect memory for details without losing the power of seeing a subject in its right perspective and realising it as a whole and in all its implications.

It develops in you the great art of managing men and women.

It gives you the power of successful leadership, and enables you to organise and to direct.

And, above all, it gives you an all-round mental development, and does not develop one side of your brain at the expense of the other.

It thus gives you perfect mental balance and a complete mastery of the most wonderful machine ever created, an efficiently-working Pelmanised brain.

Simple and Easy To Follow.

Yet the Pelman Course is quite simple and easy to follow. It involves no difficult study, no strenuous mental labour. The mental exercises must be seriously practised, of course, but they are so interesting, not to say fascinating, in themselves that those who take the Course take the greatest enjoyment in going through them. You practise Pelmanism at your own time, and the instruction is directed through the post by expert instructors, who take the greatest interest in the progress and difficulties of each student.

By using the coupon printed below you can obtain, free of charge, full particulars of the Course and information enabling you to enrol at once at a reduced fee. This is an opportunity no one who wishes to "get on" in life should miss. It is the one great incentive. Send this coupon to-day (or a postcard) to the Pelman Institute, 44, Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1.

THE MACHINERY OF THE MIND.

How to Double Its Daily Output.

THE COMMONSENSE OF PELMANISM

Considering that every action we take is governed by the mind, it is extraordinary how many people there still are who have not the slightest knowledge of the way in which their mental machinery works, and who pay no attention whatsoever to the value of training and scientifically developing their mental powers.

Everyone realises the necessity of keeping their physical powers fit and efficient. And yet how many of us neglect the brain, which, after all, is the more important of the two. We know which we conceive and achieve our ends, carry out our duties, and decide at every point our course of action—the mind upon which the position we hold in the world depends—we too often neglect altogether and never give a thought to its welfare.

That is why so many people never achieve their aims in life, and fall below the standard which they ought to attain, and which, indeed, is the one or another, they may have set for themselves.

Mental Bad Habits.

This, however, is not realised by everyone. They put down their faults and failures to "bad luck" or to perverse circumstances, forgetting that

"The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars, But in ourselves, that we are underlings."

And they forget that our mental faculties, just like our physical faculties, will become weakened if they are not exercised, and atrophied if they are not used.

Each action we take and every thought we think leaves its impress on the mind, good or bad as the case may be. Suppose, for example, you have a certain choice to make, and, instead of deciding upon it, you leave it to others to decide for you. As a consequence a certain impression of indecision is made upon the sensitive cells of your brain, with the result that the next time you have to make a decision your mind is slightly predisposed against making it and the inclination to look to someone else to take the responsibility is strengthened. Thus people get into the habit of being indecisive, and the faculty of decisive action (developed by Pelmanism) is weakened.

When Work Becomes Difficult.

Men and women who have let a good many of their mental faculties fall into disuse in this way find great difficulty in doing their work. Every time they begin to work they have to overcome the feeling of disinclination and distaste caused by the weakening of the mental factors which must be applied to it. They are "slow starters," and often waste half the morning in preparing for the work which the really efficient worker would plunge into instantly on arrival. And not only this, but their work itself becomes a weariness and a burden instead of being full of interest and enjoyment. They make mistakes constantly; their mental powers are clogged; their brain feels "stuffy," and they work with reluctance, spasmodically, and in a perfunctory sort of manner. They have no zest for what they are doing; they are not alive to the glorious opportunities which are always coming to them as a consequence of their rising to higher positions in life, their tendency is rather to sink in the social or business scale, or, at any rate, to remain in the same position, making little or no progress, for years, and suffering the mortification of seeing others pass them by.

Pleasures of Pelmanism.

Now Pelmanism has just the opposite effect. Pelmanism teaches you to train your mind just as you can train your muscles, and to exercise and develop the faculties which lie latent or only semi-developed in your mind. It is not difficult to follow by any means, and doesn't involve—as some seem to think—the practice of intricate mental gymnastics. The twelve "little

grey books" in which the principles and methods of the Course are explained are written in plain and simple language which everyone can understand. And as the system is directed (by highly-trained and widely-experienced instructors) through the post you can follow it anywhere you like and at your own leisure, and take the greatest pleasure in it from the first word to the last.

By developing to the fullest possible efficiency the positive and creative faculties of your mind perfect ease of working is produced. All mental friction disappears. You go "straight from the mark," and you have no difficulty in working well, because you have got into the "working well" habit. When you have Pelmanised your mind good work becomes natural to you—almost automatic—and it would require a distinct effort to work in any other way, that is to say, in a less efficient way. Pelmanism gives you the power to regulate, direct and control your thoughts, and helps you to translate those thoughts into immediate and successful action. Thus it helps you to develop the power of determining your own future, of mastering your circumstances and of assuring for yourself a worthy position in life.

Results Secured.

Glancing through a batch of letters taken at random from the many thousands received from men and women who have taken the Pelman Course, one finds amongst the results secured as the result of Pelmanism the following:—

- "Awarded a distinction" (Lieut.).
- "Made me keener mentally" (Manager).
- "Salary increased" (Manager).
- "Salary increased 50 per cent" (Assistant Manager).
- "Received £50 increase" (Manager).
- "Improved my self-confidence" (Merchant).
- "Self-consciousness lost" (Assistant Manager).
- "Will-power stronger" (Clerk).
- "Better powers of concentration" (Teacher).
- "Two rises in 12 months" (Electrician).
- "Advance of £50" (Electrician).
- "Three rises in my pay" (Woman Worker).
- "Personality developed" (Lieutenant).
- "Promotion accelerated" (Colonel).
- "Many useful ideas" (Brigadier).
- "Self-discipline and self-control" (Rear-Admiral).
- "New ideas and 30½ guineas" (Lieut.-Commander).
- "Observation improved" (Gunner).
- "Efforts stiffened" (Barrister).
- "Nearly 300 p.c. increase" (Clerk).
- "Salary nearly doubled" (Woman).

And this list could be continued to fill every column of this newspaper.

As "Truth" has stated:

"The Pelman System places the means of progress within the reach of everyone. It does not provide a brain for the business, but it does provide everyone with the means of making the best use of the faculties with which nature has endowed him, and bringing them to full fruition."

This has been the experience of the hundreds of thousands of men and women who have taken the Pelman Course. It will be your experience, too, if you accept the opportunity which is given to you to-day.

For full particulars of the Pelman Course are given in "Mind and Memory," which also contains a complete descriptive Synopsis of the 12 lessons. A copy of this interesting booklet together with a full reprint of "Truth's" famous Report on the work of the Pelman Institute, and particulars showing how you can secure the complete Course at a reduced fee, may be obtained gratis and post free by any reader of "The Daily Mirror" who applies (by postcard or by the coupon below) to The Pelman Institute, 44, Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1.

SEND THIS COUPON—OR A POSTCARD—TO-DAY

TO THE PELMAN INSTITUTE,
44 PELMAN HOUSE, BLOOMSBURY STREET, LONDON, W.C.1.

Sir,—Please send me, gratis and post free, a copy of the book "Mind and Memory," a copy of Truth's latest Report, and particulars of the Special Offer entitling me to take the Pelman Course at a reduced fee.

NAME

ADDRESS

ALL CORRESPONDENCE IS CONFIDENTIAL

Daily Mirror

TUESDAY, APRIL 8, 1919.

BEAUTIFUL HOUSES?

THE new Housing Bill was expounded by Dr. Addison to the House of Commons yesterday, and the "principle of the measure" (as they always say) seems to be approved by all but a few who have pet schemes to advocate under cover of opposition to the Government plan.

There is, indeed, almost as intense and as natural obsession in the public mind in regard to housing as there was, just before the war, in regard to insurance. One has a vision of houses everywhere, and not a patch of country anywhere. And as the huge garden cities—neither gardens nor cities—expand and cover the face of the country, one can hear the birth-rate maniacs roaring for "more men!"—and consequently more houses.

Certainly! Houses for the enormous population we endeavour to support on foreign food-to-day. Houses everywhere.

But what sort of houses, cottages, tenements?

Red houses in grey Gloucestershire, grey houses in red Kent or Devon, houses in each county totally unsuited to the character of the county in which ardent philanthropy will have "dumped" them?

You exclaim that it is a frivolous question.

Build houses just anyhow, anywhere, on any plan! Build them as we built them during the war, on the bit-by-bit system of swiftly accumulating hutments. We must have more room for more men; and we must have it quickly.

But surely, on second thoughts, you will admit that you love England because it is England—a country with a certain aspect, dear to the soldier (for example) in memory, as he found himself far from it, in these years. If that affectionate memory mean anything it must have force enough to urge that some care should be taken in scattering "houses everywhere" which is, we know, only a crude version of Dr. Addison's design. He has too much practical sense for indiscriminate brick-and-mortar multiplication, but it is unfortunately true that Governments don't as a rule care for beauty. Will the real architects, the artists, the lovers of "local colour," come forward to advise? And will the official persons, warranted to turn out any pattern, to any quantity, at a moment's notice, kindly stay away?

LONDON RECOVERING.

WE are supposed to be living on the edge of earthquakes. "This Bolshevism, for example! The new war in Russia. Peace disagreements. Other dangers. Things will never be the same again."

As you go along Bond-street, in the first spring sunshine, those ends of phrases can be heard, uttered by perfectly calm people, who look just the same as the Bond-street people always did, though they talk rather pessimistically.

The same shops, sparkling and new. The same motor-cars. The same pretty women, only in different dresses. The men now in mufti. Various celebrities, new and old, passing. In fact, Bond-street as it always was. . . . After nearly five years. . . .

It is an instance of London's impassive way of taking trouble.

A few years' eclipse. Then, much the same appearance of luxury and wealth.

If you want to forget "there's been a war on" go to Bond-street, one morning, in the spring, and in the first sunshine.

W. M.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

The task for us under stress of deprivation is to take our loved ones into the mind, and commune with them spirit to spirit—so will they be wedded to us faster, closer about us, than when we had the voices and eyes.—George Meredith.

NEGLECTED MOTHERS IN AN AGE OF HURRY

DO CHILDREN CARE LESS FOR THEIR PARENTS NOW?

By ALISON SETTLE.

THERE is a very general tradition that mothers are essentially revered and protected creatures. There is a very general practice that mothers are among the most neglected and unwanted of human beings.

There is no one in our age so unwanted, so lonely, as the good mother.

There is as deep a fund of real affection for parents as ever there was, but in this hurrying age there is a carelessness in expressing that affection; a haste that lets words of love lie in the mind and not on the lips.

Haste of living makes us careless of other people's feelings. A mother is always there, and is always loving. She is taken for granted.

furniture, may advise on the kitchen and the first dinner parties, but what can she know of Gerald's quite unusual temperament, or Jack's little oddnesses, which only his wife can, of course, understand? The fact that she did not know Gerald or Jack (the husband) and did not realise before he married her, the wonder of Mary or Phyllis (the bride) is sufficient to make them dismiss "mother" as lacking in perception.

GRANDMOTHER'S TURN.

The psychology of young married people and of children is studied, but no one writes books to explain the sadnesses, the loving humours, the jealousies, the lonelinesses of mothers with grown children.

Lonelier than ever are the mothers of the peace period, for the young folk feel they have been cheated of five years of life, years they must quickly make up. The advice of one who has lived in leisured times is, of course, useless.

There are thousands of loving, pained, loved, but unwanted mothers just now. But

WHAT THE PLAIN MAN CANNOT UNDERSTAND.—No. 10.



Why it is that the cry "more people wanted!" is always being raised at a time when we cannot move for the multitudes of people.—(By W. K. Haselden.)

The mother who cries with sorrow when her child goes to school is laughed at by her husband.

Then schoolmasters and schoolmistresses resent all claims and influences of the mother. They regard advice from her about her own children, whom she alone knows intimately, as "interference."

Then comes the time when the boys and girls leave school, and again mothers are at a discount.

With marriage the loving mother is even more cut off from her loved ones.

In her anxiety that they may escape the difficulties she met she is so willing to offer all the experience she bought! What is the use of "time's eternal moving" if no generation can learn from the past? But youth has one belief, through every class and type, a belief that most of the failure of marriage has been due to the interference of past generations who cannot understand the present one.

They are very sweet, very gentle, often, to mother who must now lose them, but they put a barrier between her and the real things of their lives.

Mother may help to buy the frocks and the

they are only unwanted for the earlier years of unthinking selfishness in their children.

Grandmothers are in extraordinary demand.

The time comes when there are babies in their children's nurseries. Mother may have missed the wonder of Gerald and Jack, of Phyllis and Mary, but "Grannie"—as she is now laughingly called—hasn't she, too, known the wonder of the child of her own, the love and anxiety for the first born?

She comes into her own with the advent of little people about whom the hurried girl of to-day has had no time to learn. Mother's advice is wanted on every point. This is her hour.

And this generation has compensations to offer for the neglect of mothers in earlier years. The husband and wife, who are absorbed, have little time to spare for mother's feelings and fancies. But "Grannie" is soon called in to take complete charge of the new and precious little persons, while husband and wife, loth to be separated, pursue the restless life of theatres, dinners and week-end visits. The mother who was so neglected by the children she loved, forgets her past loneliness and ache of heart.

WHAT TO TAX.

THE INEVITABLE CROP OF GOOD IDEAS FOR THE CHANCELLOR.

SUGGESTIONS.

WHY not tax every crank suggestion for taxes! That would give the Chancellor a rest and time to prepare his Budget!

WELWYN, Herts. WEARY OF THEM.

LET US KNOW!

WHATEVER you are going to tax, do let us know, please, what it is. At present all business is bung up by the uncertainty, and by the threat of "excess profits" taxes.

T. P. L.

THE BACHELOR TAX.

APROPOS of the proposal to tax bachelors, surely, under present conditions, this is hardly fair. Many men but for the cost of living, the uncertainty of employment and the lack of housing accommodation, would be more or less happily married.

I amongst them. Until these things are remedied it would be penalising us for not doing the impossible.

No doubt, on the other hand, others would gladly pay the tax to be relieved of the responsibilities of matrimony.

HOSKINSON'S CHOICE.

I THINK that there are some women who would sooner have husbands who hated them than no husbands at all, hence the proposal to tax recalcitrant bachelors in marriage.

But supposing a man does propose marriage to a woman and is refused. Are we to tax him for the fault of the woman? LOGIC.

CAN GERMANY PAY?

IT should be remembered that the Germans willingly paid an immense sum in preparing for an unprovoked war, which had for its objects murder, plunder and destruction. If there should be an adequate indemnity the Entente will have achieved but an empty success, and the Germans will be gratified to learn that the greatest crime in history entails no penalty.

E. G. E.

"C. L. E.'s" ardour carries him somewhat beyond reason. Suppose I am a French workman about to repair some of the damage done by the Hun, then, if, as "C. L. E." suggests, the Hun is to do the job, I am thrown out of work! Starve!

No! Let me do the work and let the Hun pay me, and pay me well. This way will help to pay off the indemnity, though where the Huns will get the cash from is another matter.

J. E. B.

THOSE WAR MONUMENTS.

HOW can any sane person contemplate the erection of these utterly useless and unnecessary structures with public money that should be used in so many other ways?

Who will benefit by these wretched monuments? Surely not dependents of those fallen in the war, and the children of those who have fought and come back have ample reason to remember what has happened during the last four and a half years.

As for the future generations, the memorising of the dates of all the battles at school, will I think be sufficient to satisfy them, besides the numerous benefits that must necessarily be theirs, since the day was with us and not against us.

H. L. W.

"LIFE AND LIBERTY."

THE remarks in your columns by the Rev. F. S. Myers on "Church and People After War" lead one to make the suggestion that the present movement in the Church of England is heading directly for disestablishment and disendowment.

Is there any other logical conclusion? Moreover, it can hardly be improper to assert that if true freedom is desired (and without such the Church is shackled to an intolerable extent), it can come in no other way than by disestablishment and disendowment.

Otherwise will the State be likely to surrender the powers taken by it at the Reformation in trust for the nation as a whole?

H. BOUTFORD.

SHORTER LETTERS.

Modest Girls.—Why not have a competition for truly modest girls? No one would compete? You would have no need to give away prizes.—PARADOX.

A Hurried Peace.—One does not understand all the fuss that is being made about "peace quickly." Certainly we do not want any more delay than can be helped, but people ought to consider that practically the whole world has to be rebuilt.—R. P. M.

The Worst Season.—Your cartoon about the various seasons and sickness is amusing. At the same time it remains true that early spring is incomparably the most "difficult" season of the year from the point of view of health.—DOCTOR.

IN MY GARDEN.

APRIL 7.—The main crop of carrots should be sown during the coming fortnight. The correct preparation of the soil is most important for this crop if good results are to be expected. Dig this in good time and to a depth of 12 inches and get it into as powdery a state as possible. Add no fresh manure, but ashes from the garden fire and soot may be used with advantage. Heavy ground must be mixed with plenty of road-sidings and other light material.

Sow in drills that run one foot apart. Keep on planting potatoes.

E. F. T.

TOBRALCO FOR SOUND HARD WEAR



YOU save money by paying that little extra for Tobralco—because it lasts so long and well. It is made of the finest cotton the world produces. That is why it retains its charm and freshness wash after wash. Nothing is so economical for the children.

2/6 per yard, 27/28 inches wide; White, Tussock, Black, and Colors Guaranteed Indelible. Name on Selvedge.

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DERRY & TOMS

Gloves—Stockings

We sincerely urge early visits to these departments during this important sale. Genuine big savings are offered.



The Knockabout Glove, suitable for ladies or gents. In White Doe, cut loose to pull on, as sketch. Great Bargain at 2/6 Post extra. (pair)

The Slip-on-Glove in Fabric, with fine finish inside. The most useful glove for shopping ever produced. Can be had in Brown, Grey, Chamol and Coating colour. 9/6d. All (pair)
A purchase of 6 pairs is strongly advised while this price holds good.



Ladies' 2-button Chamol's Gloves for every-day wear. Regular price 6/11. Will be sold at (pair) 4/11 Post extra.

Bargain for gentlemen. A genuine Siberian Reinforce Glove being Russian skin made into gloves in this country. Real new quality. Worth 2/6. Will be sold at (pair) 1/11



Great bargain in Ladies' Spliced finish Cotton Hose for smart wear. In Navy, Moiré, Grey, Saxa, Putty & Champagne. Beautiful soft finish. Worth 4/11. Price 2/11 (pair)

Great bargain in Ladies' Black Cotton Stockings, with fancy silk elastic. All (pair) 3/6 Worth 4/11. Price 2/11 (pair)

200 dozen pairs of good quality Artificial Silk Hose with Lisle tops and feet, all slightly tapered. In Black, White, Nigger, Beaver, Mid-Grey, Sky, Champagne & Fawn. A real bargain 2/11 (pair)

Great bargain in Ladies' Black Silk Stockings with wide Lisle tops. All wool-line enmesh foot. Original price 10/11. Will be sold at (pair) 7/11

DERRY & TOMS, Kensington High Street, W. 8

EVERY WOMAN'S HAIR-BEAUTY GIFT

Test Free the Wonderful Benefits of "Harlene Hair-Drill."

1,000,000 COMPLETE SEVEN DAYS' OUTFITS TO BE DISTRIBUTED.

NOW that the severely trying days of War are over, men and women everywhere have the opportunity to give that time and attention necessary to the proper care of their general health and personal appearance, not the least important phase of which is the care of the hair.

If you are worried about the condition of your hair; if it is weak, impoverished, falling out, or affected with scurf, dryness, or over-greasiness, due to war work and war strain, do as millions of others (both men and women) have done, and try "Harlene Hair-Drill"—the unfailing remedy for all hair health defects.

From to-day onwards, there are to be distributed one million hair-health parcels free of all cost—each parcel to contain a Complete Outfit for the care of the hair.

SIMPLE METHOD SECURES HAIR-HEALTH.



And most of all will be well-coming the wonderful simplicity of this exceptionally successful method of "Hair-Drill." The whole process takes no more than two minutes a day, and is enthusiastically praised by a host of "Hair-Drill" devotees for the marvellously refreshing and rejuvenating feeling this every-morning-toilet exercise and before facing the day's work.

When your hair is attacked by scurf, dryness, over-greasiness, and begins to fall out and become brittle, thin and weak, it needs the beneficial treatment of "Harlene Hair-Drill" to give new health and strength to the impoverished hair-roots. Send for free trial outfit, using Coupon as directed below.

You will be pleasantly surprised the first time you practice "Harlene Hair-Drill," for it is a most delightfully refreshing toilet exercise. You will immediately wonder how you have done without it in the past. It imparts new life to the hair, giving tone and nourishment to weak, impoverished, straggly hair at the same time it is especially beneficial in maintaining well-conditioned hair in all its pristine freshness and beauty.

A HEEHN! AND WELCOME FREE GIFT.

You can secure one of these hair-health parcels at once by simply posting the coupon below, together with your name and address, and four penny stamps to cover cost of postage and packing.

By return you will receive this Four-Fold Gift:—

1. A trial bottle of "Harlene," the ideal liquid food and natural growth-promoting tonic for the hair.
2. A packet of the unrivalled "Cremex" Shampoo—the finest, purest, and most soothing hair and scalp cleanser, which prepares the head for "Hair-Drill."
3. A bottle of "Uzon" Brillantine, which gives the final touch of beauty to the hair, and is most beneficial to those whose scalp is "dry."

A copy of the newly published "Hair-Drill" Manual—the most authoritative and clearly written treatise on the toilet ever produced.

After a Free Trial you will be able to obtain further supplies of "Harlene" at 1s. 1d., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 9d. per bottle, "Uzon" Brillantine at 1s. 1d. and 2s. 6d. per bottle, and "Cremex" Shampoo Powders 1s. 1d. per box of seven shampoos (single packets 2d. each) from all Chemists and Stores, or direct from Edwards, Harlene, Limited, 20, 22, 24, and 26, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.1.

"HARLENE" FREE GIFT FORM.

Detach and post to EDWARDS' HARLENE, Ltd., 20, 22, 24 & 26, Lamb's Conduit St., London, W.C.1.

Dear Sirs.—Please send me your Free "Harlene" Four-Fold Hair-Growing Outfit as described above. I enclose 4d. in stamps for postage and packing of parcel. ("Daily Mirror," 8/4/19).

NOTE TO READER.

Write your FULL name and address clearly on a plain piece of paper, pin this coupon to it, and post as directed above. (Mark envelope "Simple Dent.")

HEALTHY WOMEN

must wear "healthy" corsets, and the "Natural Ease" Corset is the most healthy of all. Every wearer says so. While moulding the figure to the most delicate lines of feminine grace, they vastly improve the health.

THE CORSET OF HEALTH.

The Natural Ease Corset Style 2.

8/11 pair

Postage abroad extra.

Complete with Special Detachable Suspender.

Stocked in all sizes from 20 to 30. Made in finest quality Drill.

SPECIAL POINTS OF INTEREST

No bones or steels to drag, hurt, or break.
No lacing at the back.
Made of strong, durable drill of finest quality, with special suspenders, detachable for washing purposes.
It is laced at the sides with elastic cord to expand freely when breathing.
It is fitted with adjustable shoulder straps.
It has a short (9 in.) back in front which ensures perfect shape, and is fastened at the top and bottom with non-rusting Hooks and Eyes.
It can be easily washed at home, having nothing to rust or tarnish.

Wear the "NATURAL EASE" Corset and free yourself from Indigestion, Constipation, and scores of other ailments so distressful to Women.

These Corsets are specially recommended for ladies who enjoy cycling, tennis, dancing, golf, etc., as there is nothing to hurt or break. Singers, Actresses and Invalids will find wonderful assistance, as they enable them to breathe with perfect freedom. All women, especially housewives, and those employed in occupations demanding constant movement, appreciate the "Natural Ease" Corset. They yield freely to every movement of the body, and whilst giving beauty of figure are the most comfortable Corsets ever worn.

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No goods sent without cash, but money willingly returned if unsatisfied.
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NESTLÉ'S MILK

The children love it, and it's a most wholesome alternative.

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HOLEPROOF LISLE HOSE. No. 554. Superior Quality, Silk Finish. Specially Strengthened Heels, Toes and Tops. All Sizes. In Black, Nigger, Tan, Coasting Grey & all colours.

2/11 or 2 Pairs for 5/6

or 4 pairs for 10/6 Post Free.

Also No. P.79. A heavier weight Hose for winter wear. Same price. All sizes. In Black, Tan, Nigger and all colours.

It is worth a visit our London Showrooms at once by post.

SENT ON APPROVAL. Money returned if not approved.

We receive thousands of repeat orders from grateful customers.

WE GUARANTEE these Holeproof Hose to wear without holes or ladders for two months. If holes or ladders appear we will replace with new Hose Free.

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The Food that did NOT "Profiteer."

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Same price throughout the war.

THE MAN WHO RUNS AMERICA'S NAVY.

WHY SECRETARY DANIELS COMES TO PARIS AND LONDON.

By IGNATIUS PHAYRE.

This article gives us some account of the work of our distinguished American visitor.

THE Great War leaves the United States a mighty Power, with responsibilities which extend literally from China to Peru, to say nothing of new "mandates" in European affairs.

We all know that Mr. Wilson was a reluctant convert to force, as he confessed at Baltimore, in his "hour of utter disillusion." But German offensive science revealed new perils in the way of aircraft and long-distance submarines, beginning with the havoc of U 53 off Nantucket Light.

Suddenly America realised that her vast coast-line of 21,000 miles was in urgent need of protection.

It is a curious fact that Wilson's "Cabinet family"—who are not responsible to Parliament at all, but are the personal nominees of the Chief Executive—were all of pronouncedly pacifist type.

But the President and his "Cabinet family" have greatly changed their political outlook since April, 1917.

HELPING THE NATIONS.

This is strikingly seen in the career of Mr. Daniels, who is coming among us to obtain first-hand information, together with all available secrets of naval strategy and the best types of warships to lay down in Government and private yards.

His European mission will supplement the reports of Admirals Sims, Rodman and Benson, who operated with great American armadas in the North Sea.

The American Congress has already appropriated the enormous sum of £600,000,000 for a great Navy which is to play its part in safeguarding the world's peace and policing the seas in conjunction with our own.

But, apart from this, the United States now has its own teeming prosperity to shield. In 1914 her exports totalled £400,000,000; those of the current year are confidently predicted to exceed £1,500,000,000—surely a record figure, even after allowing for America's rôle in re-establishing the broken nations.

Mr. Edward Hurley, of the U.S. Shipping Board, promises a freight fleet of no less than 16,000,000 tons in 1920; and America's overseas trade will be fostered by the 200 diplomats and 1,200 consuls, whom Secretary Lansing directs from the State Department in Washington.

THE GREAT TEACHER.

It will, therefore, be seen that on all grounds the U.S. Navy under Josephus Daniels is a much-needed portent of America's new power.

When first appointed by President Wilson, Mr. Daniels was a man vowed to peace. He asked Congress for so few warships that the Senate Committee grew alarmed, and actually added to the Navy Department's appropriations; this is without precedent in American annals.

Congress has a traditional mistrust of all militarism, and believes in voting money to alleviate human woe, rather than frittering it on giant engines of war.

For thirty years Mr. Daniels edited a country newspaper at Raleigh, North Carolina.

In his early days, as head of the Navy, he had queer ideas of that service. He was less concerned with its fighting than with its educational side.

Mr. Daniels was photographed with one arm around an officer and the other round a bluejacket in token of the new regime of "equality."

Moreover, the American Navy was to be totally "dry." Such matters as a General Staff, naval bases, armour-plate forges, shell and explosive factories—these Mr. Daniels hopefully ignored in a new and short-lived enthusiasm.

However, the Great War was a terrible teacher, and this genial smile suddenly became like his friend and chief, the President—the advocate of an offensive fleet, second to none on the seas.

The result of Mr. Daniels' conversion is seen in huge electric super-Dreadnoughts, like the California and Idaho, in battle-cruisers of 35,000 tons.

Now Secretary Daniels visits us, to gather the later lessons of sea-power, with a view to applying them in new construction through Admiral David Taylor, the Chief Designer in Washington.

OUR MATTER-OF-FACT MODERN GIRLS.

DOES THEIR LACK OF ROMANCE MAKE THEM HAPPIER?

By CONSTANCE INGRAM.

SOMETIMES hear girls talking of how they fell in love and how they fell out of it—principally out of it.

They do not seem to want to stay in love or to marry.

The "young hero" mood is passing. Our men, getting back into business, are looking very plain in civilian clothes.

The glamour of war is over, and with it goes many a humble romance. Not that romance must necessarily depend on perilous adventure. It is more, perhaps, that there is something of hardness in the times which induce this coldly logical attitude of the girls.

They have been leading an interesting and easy life, catered for at canteen and hostel, and have no notion of settling down to a round of domestic duties, and undertaking the burden of children.

Romance which drove the old world on seems in danger of passing away.

"Why should we marry?" they say. Does this romantic feeling last? We know it does not. Look at the married couples squabbling and divorcing. Look at our married girl friends getting wilted with anxiety over ways and means and domestic work. Look at the yelling babies!

Girls used not to argue like this in the old

days. A mirage was wont to hide these prosaic facts, and under cover of it, the young rushed gaily forward on the great adventure. Now there is an ominous pause, the mirage lifts under a cold, clear sky.

They survey the prospect coldly, critically. "It isn't good enough," they say. "We'll have none of it."

A certain tone of satire in modern poetry and bitterness in the novels of to-day enhances this mood.

We are no longer inflated with the ideas of the troubadours. Nourished on these dreams, our mothers moved easily and gracefully into what is, for a time at least, an enchanted garden.

After all, if there are disappointments, isn't it worth while to be amongst the flowers for a short time? Frankly, we regret the passing of the old sentimental outlook; the day, when Belinda or Selina swooned from excess of emotion and rushed into matrimony full of love and hope. Sometimes they were happy.

"Absurdly, idiotically," say the modern girls. "What were they happy about? All a delusion."

So are most things we go in for, expecting much, but they are none the less pleasant while they last. Marriages do not always end in tragedy or boredom, nor do babies always yell.

If we were to bring to bear on the enterprise a sense of humour and a good deal of patience there is no reason why it should not end as it began—in romance.



GERMANS AT SENLIS.—Police on guard outside the Chateau de Plessis VII to the Pont Sainte Maxence, near Senlis, where the members of the German Financial Commission are staying.

THE COLOGNE BRITISH OFFICERS' CLUB.

WHERE HUN EX-SOLDIERS NOW SERVE AND WAIT.

By JOHN HENDERSON.

THE Officers' Club in Cologne is the centre of the social life of the British Army in Germany.

The club premises are in a noble building, which was formerly a fashionable hotel, much frequented by American visitors. In the old days it was an exclusive place—fashionable, ornate and immensely expensive.

It is exclusive still, and the rich gildings and furniture remain, but it has ceased to be expensive.

A man can have a meal there, and a drink, and still have some change out of a five-franc note. The sleeping accommodation is cheaper still, since a bed and a bath cost nothing.

The domestic staff of the club is made up of pre-war hotel servants.

The waiters have all "done their bit" against us in the trenches, but they have donned their black coats and white shirts and regained their table efficiency and servility.

The hall-porter (rumour credits him with high military rank) may loathe us from the bottom of his heart, but his outward conduct leaves nothing to be desired.

One's first experience in the club is somewhat amazing.

To begin with, one's out-door things are received by a cloak-room attendant, who admits that he fought us for three years outside Ypres. A cocktail arrives on a tray carried by a lady that hurled bombs at us on the Vimy Ridge.

One's hair is cut in a gorgeous salon by a 1st lieutenant of the Prussian Guard. The manicurist is an ex-artilleryman, and

the person who exercises the vibro-massage machine used to be notorious as a successful snapper.

Luncheon and tea and dinner are served by German ex-fighting men in splendid apartments, which show no trace of war, and practically all day long there is music.

The food is excellent in quality, the service as good as that of any first-class West End restaurant, and the drinks would make a London clubman envious.

If one puts up for the night there are many first-class bedrooms. The place is heated throughout by steam pipes, and the beds and apartments are scrupulously clean.

True, the sheets are made of paper, but they are warm and quite as comfortable as linen, and, since they are renewed every day, they have the enormous advantage of absolute cleanliness.

As with the male staff downstairs, so it is with the upstairs service—all the servants are German. The beds are made, the baths prepared and the rooms are cleaned by women who are the daughters or wives of Huns whose ambition it was to sack Paris and reduce proud London to ashes.

The club itself is the meeting-place and eating-place of the British officer. It is impossible to go there at any time without encountering someone one has not seen for many months—perhaps years.

You find a staff major whom you knew on the Somme as a subaltern of infantry, or a company commander who was a corporal when you first saw him three years ago in Bethune. Men forget their rank from the quiet places beyond the Rhine, from the bridgeheads, from Bonn and Stenbourg and the little cities.

And it is the Officers' Club which makes "twenty-four hours' leave to visit Cologne" a reward worth working for.

PARSONS WHO ARE TRAINED IN A GAOL.

THE LATEST THEOLOGICAL COLLEGE OF THE CHURCH.

By the Rev. F. A. IREMONGER.

Mr. Iremonger gained a wide knowledge of men and affairs in Bethnal Green, where for many years he was head of the Oxford House.

"FROM Gaol to College" might seem to suggest the progress of a Hoxton stall-thief, who, under the protecting influence of a Prisoner's Aid Society, gained a scholarship at Oxford and lived happily ever afterwards.

In reality, it is suggested by the following notice which caught my eye in a newspaper a few days ago:

The Rev. F. R. Barry, M.A., D.S.O., to be Principal of Ordination Test School, Knutsford, Cheshire.

How the Home Office came to allow a disused prison to be transformed into a theological college is another story; but the fact remains that Knutsford Gaol is now a test school for ordination candidates.

They come from many ranks and units of the Services; and the prison is probably one of the few places in England where people can enjoy the Army atmosphere without its drawbacks. Every person in the school—students, teaching staff and domestic staff—has come straight from France.

BRINGING "THE TRENCH SPIRIT" HOME.

The domestic work is done by a unit of demobilised W.A.A.C.s under their own officer. The prison cells have become studies, and meals are taken in the corridors of the ground floor, which resemble the "between decks" of a ship.

The intellectual training includes a sound course of general education, designed as a basis for higher education at the Universities and elsewhere.

Even if all the students do not take Holy Orders the course will be a valuable preparation for industrial life.

It will be seen that this school meets the chief criticism which laymen rightly make against the ordinary course of training for the clergy.

They have asked that the men who preach and minister to them should have an opportunity, before their ordination, of knocking up against their fellow men in civil employment, whether in office, factory or field; and the inmates, present and to come, of Knutsford Prison will at least satisfy this requirement.

The experiences of France, Egypt, the Dardanelles and the North Sea will have given them an insight into human nature which most of the older clergy will be inclined to envy; and if they can reproduce the spirit of the trenches in the parishes of England, they will have conferred a lasting benefit alike on Church and Commonwealth.

FAULTY TRAINING OF THE PAST.

It would certainly be refreshing to hear Sunday School lessons on the Holy Land given by men who had walked with Allenby into Jerusalem; and I fancy that some traditional ideas may have to be revised, in the light of their experiences. They will probably agree with the soldier who wrote home to his vicar from Gaza:—

"You used to tell us that this was a land of milk and honey; seems to me more like dust and flies, from what I can make of it!"

The Church of England seems to have attempted to cast all her men in the same mould and to have assumed that they are all fit to fulfil half a dozen different functions with equal success.

But the parson so far has been expected to combine in one man the gifts of Savonarola, J. P. Morgan and Robert Dolling.

He is called to be a preacher, with very little training in the art of speaking. He has to run the financial affairs of the parish, frequently without knowing the difference between a ledger and a cash book. He is supposed to be equally at home in the company of a dock labourer and a Prime Minister, when he has been brought up at a considerable distance from either of them. And he is expected to organise the whole work of his parish as efficiently as the head of a large business house or a city office.

If the training course at Knutsford can meet this criticism, the principal will have done a great work, and many who have shown little sympathy with the Church's appeal for a Central Fund for £5,000,000 will, perhaps, think more kindly of it when they realise that a large part of this sum will be spent in wiping off the reproach that only those who can themselves afford a complete education can be admitted to the priesthood of the National Church.

YOUTH AND BEAUTY: PORTRAITS OF SEVEN MORE GIRL WAR W



P20563
Miss Gwendoline Ellis, Watford. £5 prize. Telephone operator at the local office, Ministry of Pensions.



P20562
Miss Sheila Donovan, Kensington. £5 prize. Shorthand typist, Air Ministry.



P20563
Miss Sybil Sant, Cardiff. £5 prize. Was employed as a bank clerk for three years.



P20563
Miss Athalie Davis, danced at 150 concerts.



Though this man is not manufacturing hand grenades, he is making "high explosives."



P20563A
TWO PRIESTS ELECTED AT SELBY.—The Rev. Father Ford, who was elected a councillor, and the Rev. Father Walsh, who was elected a guardian. Both are Roman Catholics.



P4023 A
TO WED TO-MORROW.—Lady Lavina Spencer, Earl Spencer's daughter, who is to be married to-morrow to Captain the Hon. Luke White, Lord Annaly's eldest son.



P20562A
ELECTED GUARDIAN.—Miss Jessie Stephen, formerly a domestic servant, who is one of the new members of the Bermudez Board of Guardians.



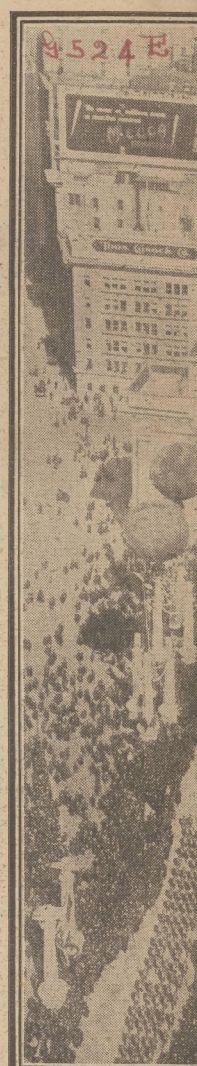
P2260
GOLFER DEMOBILISED.—Mr. C. B. MacFarlane, the Scottish amateur international golfer, who has just been demobilised from the R.A.S.C.



Fireworks in galore for export to our Allies.
FOR "DER TAG."—Messrs. Brock are endeavouring to cope with the orders for fireworks. An air raid will be nothing to the row there'll be on peace night.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)



P20562A
PORTABLE WIRELESS TELEPHONE.—Mr. W. W. McFarlane, of Philadelphia, the inventor, in communication with his wife, who is about half a mile away.



NOTHING LIKE THIS IN L... the Victory Arch which h... Fifth-avenue, New York

WHO HAVE WON PRIZES IN "THE DAILY MIRROR" COMPETITION.



£5 prize. She sang and helped at St. Dunstan's.



P 20563
Corporal Mabel Hall, Wimbledon. £5 prize. Shorthand typist in the Q.M.A.A.C.



P 20563
Miss Molly Sullivan, Battersea. £5 prize. One of the army of land girls.



P 20563
Miss I. Morgan, London, W.I. £5 prize. Drove a Red Cross car for a private hospital for four years.



us 27th Division passing through the junction of 24th Street, and seen from Flacron Building.



THE BROTHERS WALKER.—Two soldiers, who, to their mutual surprise, met at Cologne for the first time since the outbreak of war.—(Official photograph.)



P.20562A
HELPED TO SAVE HIS SHIP.—Fredk. Vincent, who, though his room was filled with smoke, sent out an S.O.S. from the burning steamer, Penlee.



P16460
HERO, OFF AND ON STAGE.—Pte. George Wilson, V.C., who is appearing in "Cyrano de Bergerac," at the Garrick Theatre. He is in command of soldiers.



B36D
ALL SIZES AND SHAPES.—There is an abundance of Easter eggs this year, thanks to the Food Controller, and this little girl has her hands full.



P.5821
A 30,000 "GATE."—De Valera throws the ball into play at the All Ireland final (Gaelic football) between Wexford, who won the cup he presented, and Tipperary. The game was in aid of the Irish Political Prisoners' Dependents' Fund.—(Exclusive.)



91259
CHARLIE CHAPLIN AS AIRMAN'S MASCOT.—This aeroplane, which recently returned from France, was decorated with an excellent sketch of Charlie Chaplin.



B81413E
DOODLES.—Mr. Lawrence, of Deptford, has trained his dog to mount guard at the back of his van, and his pet has proved more useful than a small boy.



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Lady Pearson, hon. treasurer of the Queen's Work for Women Fund.



The Hon. Mrs. W. H. Cosens-Hardy, formerly Miss Everest, in V.A.D. uniform.

NO PEACE BILL.

The Duchess and the House of Commons—Shall We Have Mothers' Pensions?

I AM told that Mr. Lloyd George does not propose to bring in a Bill for Parliament to ratify the Peace terms. He will make a statement in the House before Easter, and invite members to say "Yea" or "Nay" on it. If the latter is the verdict, it is hardly likely, the Government will go to the country.

No Successor.

There is an idea in Government circles that no one will succeed Sir Auckland Geddes when his resignation takes effect. This will not be for three months at least. The suggestion is that the work of National Service and Reconstruction shall be divided up between different departments.

Getting Ready for the Fray.

I hear that the agricultural M.P.s are getting ready to defend their interests when the Acquisition of Land Bill comes to be discussed in the House. The second reading is down for Thursday. Special efforts are to be made by the vested interests concerned, and the fight will be quite like old times.

Mr. Clynes for Canada.

It is quite on the cards that Mr. Clynes, the ex-Food Controller, may be invited to visit Canada to give a series of addresses in the chief centres there. Probably he will be asked to speak to the students of the McGill University.

Fighting Police.

An Irish correspondent tells me that the Royal Irish Constabulary has done exceptionally well in the war. Although only 691 men were allowed to enlist, yet 10 per cent. gained commissions. Moreover, five D.C.M.s and thirty-three M.M.s were won. Most of the men joined the Irish Guards.

Censored!

"It is odd that Mr. Asquith's friends should complain that his letters are censored," said a political cynic yesterday, "considering that he set up the censorship."

No English Wives.

I hear from Canada that not a single officer or man of the 116th Battalion took home an English wife. The result has been that the battalion has acquired great glory and fame among the Canadian girls.

Mothers' Pensions.

Here is Mr. Tyson Wilson, who this evening will introduce a motion to the effect that "pensions adequate for a healthy and useful life should be paid to widows or mothers whose family breadwinner is incapacitated." He is a Labour man, and sits for the Westhoughton Division.



Mr. Tyson Wilson.

Short Speeches.

He is one of the thoughtful type of Labour members, and is very quiet and unassuming in manner. He ought to be popular, for he seldom addresses the House for more than five minutes at a time.

House of Ladies.

London politics will not satisfy the Duchess of Marlborough for long, I am told. Having been recently elected to the London County Council, the Duchess now has ambitions towards the House of Commons. She is an earnest and enthusiastic politician.

TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women, and Affairs in General

Our New Serial.

Next Friday a new serial story will appear in these columns. I have been reading the opening instalments. They kept me up till a late hour of the night, and my only disappointment was that I was unable to finish the story.

"A Slip of a Girl."

"A Slip of a Girl"—that is its title—is one of those fresh and winsome love romances the charm of which never pall. Its author, Mr. Sidney Warwick, is a novelist of distinction. But I am quite sure that he has never done anything as good as this.

Nature Note.

Walking along the Embankment yesterday about one o'clock I noticed that the balmy weather had brought out most of the lunch-time loungers. They were perched on the parapet, and strewn about the steps leading down to the river, basking in the sun as if it were midsummer.

Omnibus Extortion.

Yesterday I took an omnibus along Oxford-street to Marble Arch. The fare was 2d. That was bad enough, but to make it worse the conductor's idea of "Marble Arch" was a space at least 300 yards short of it. This is not the first time I have encountered this "short measure" game.

Expensive Cars.

The price of motor-cars continues to go up. I hear of a touring car which fetched £3,000 last week—secondhand, mark you. And it was bought to suit again, so it may cost the final purchaser £4,000 or more.

Royal Smiles.

Princess Mary is very fond of dancing. I noticed her at the Savoy exchanging smiles of approval with the Queen at the Women's War Services entertainment yesterday when a



Miss Mildred Hunter, parliamentary clerk in the Ministry of Shipping, engaged to an Engineer officer.



M. Andre Messager, who wrote the music of "Monsieur Beaucaire," produced in London this month.

pretty W.R.E.N. danced the hornpipe in true sailor fashion. By the by, I believe that it was the first time that the Queen had visited a London hotel.

Asparagus.

I am told this promises to be an exceptionally good asparagus season. The foreign variety is now well on the market, and at not by any means fancy or even profiteering prices.

Lawn Tennis Again.

Queen's Club was looking yesterday more like its old self when the first tennis tournament for years began in the covered courts championship. Many enthusiasts have been otherwise engaged during the last few years.

Welsh Drama.

Lord Howard de Walden is looking forward to go on with his work of encouraging the Welsh drama. He even hopes to see Welsh plays presented at some London theatres.

The Celtic Revival.

I suppose it is my ignorance; but I never knew there was a Welsh drama. These Celtic act-forms, I generally find, run to gloom. Nobody could call the Irish drama rollicking.

A Better 'Ole.

A friend is spending his furlough in novel fashion. During the war he became expert at making furniture, and he is now completely refurbishing his study with "dug-out" furniture as a souvenir of the trenches.

Co-operative Income.

Rivalry between the retail trader and the Co-operative Societies we have always with us. The latter having had a representative granted them in the Income-Tax Commission, the former are moving for one also.

At the Grafton.

When I looked in at the Grafton Galleries towards the end of last week I found the Royal Air Force Exhibition of Photographs in Colour crowded with interested sightseers. Suddenly I noticed two ladies who were passing quietly from picture to picture, all unnoticed in the crowd. I looked again.

The Queen-Mother.

The one who was taking the keenest interest in the wonderful photographs in colour was Queen Alexandra. After a time one of the Royal Air Force officers recognised her, and asked if she would like to be conducted round the exhibition. "No," she replied, with a smile. "I have just come here as one of the public."

College Jubilee.

Its jubilee is to be celebrated by Aberystwyth College, which gave to the political and legal worlds such men as the late Tom Ellis, "Sam" Evans and Sir Ellis Griffith. Some want a statue to Principal Edwards. Others want to found a students' union.

Poetical "Pubs."

My reference to the Rose in June as an inn sign has brought me in many letters from all parts of the country telling me of poetical signboards. For instance, Whitstable has a Rose in Bloom. And there are the True Lovers' Knot at Northwood and the Merry Month of May near Bushey.

More Substitutes.

The armistice has not yet killed substitutes. A West End grocer has in his window "Substitute Caraway Seeds, 1s. per pound," while a neighbouring bootmaker advertises a "genuine" substitute for leather!

Money Order Form Famine.

Several leading post-offices in the W.C. and W. districts have been out of money order forms for some days. Consequently it has been impossible to forward small sums in this manner. The rush to pay income tax is said to be the cause of this latest famine.

Professor and Films.

It is not often we find the work of a professor of English literature "on the tures." Yet this is what has happened to Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch. His novel, "Tilde," is being filmed. But then, no professor of English literature is a novice.

Stored Up.

Apologies the wine shortage. You can get champagnes of famous vintage for any money. And why? Because every bottle is being hidden away to come when the peace celebrations happen.

Back Again.

I have had a letter full of rejoicing from Miss Madge Saunders to tell me that she is going back to the Gaiety to play lead roles. She says she "loves" the Gaiety. I suppose all the folk have a favourite theatre, just the same as we have their favourite part.



Miss Madge Saunders.

The Veterans.

Apologies my suggestion that the Regulars who back to the colour and trained the armies at the outbreak of war should some decoration, I have had an interesting letter from Mr. Nelson Hardy, the veteran. He tells me that he went back to the Army at the age of fifty-four.

The M.C.O.

He was discharged after two years' service with the rank of sergeant; and he thinks the middle-aged men who were not allowed to go overseas, but did good work in the home, ought to have some sort of recognition.

The "Post Lady."

Postwomen are to be gradually replaced by demobilised men, and no more are to be women. The women have done their work, but it has hardly been women's work to go to the streets in all weathers.

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This letter from Mrs. E. Birch, of Lygon-place, Grosvenor-gardens, W., will be of considerable interest to the many readers who have wished they could play some musical instrument, but have been deterred from learning by the expense and inconvenience of taking lessons from a music master.

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NOBODY'S LOVER

PEOPLE IN THE STORY.

URSULA LORRIMER, a young and pretty girl, who is forced to earn her own living.
JAKE RATTRAY, a man under medical sentence of death.
DORIS ST. CLAIRE, formerly engaged to Jake.

ON THE KNEES OF THE GODS.

"I've never seen you look so young and pretty," Ursula said suddenly.

It was several days later, and the two girls were walking together through the village.

Elsa laughed rather self-consciously. "Well—you see, John's coming home," she said shyly. A little flicker of anxiety crossed Ursula's face.

"Have you heard from him again?" she asked quickly.

Elsa shook her head.

"Oh, no! Only from what he said in his last letter he must be here soon—unless something else happens to prevent it. Do you know, it's nearly a month since he went away?"

"I know—and he is... he is coming alone?"

"I suppose so. He has not said anything about Jake. I suppose he will go on. If there is a boat and he is able to travel."

Ursula looked relieved. She had been dreading that Jake would come back to England with his friend.

"I heard from Punelli yesterday. Did I tell you?" she said presently. "He is going down to Cornwall on business, and says he may break his journey here to see me—." She gave a quick little sigh. "I shall be glad when I can go back to my work for a long time," said Elsa quickly. "It's no use being in such a hurry. I shall tell Punelli, when he comes—"

Ursula laughed.

"You wouldn't dare! You'll just love him, as we all do. When he sings I feel just as if someone has lifted me right off my feet up into the clouds—"

"Oh, I wonder if I shall ever be able to hold an audience spell-bound as he does!"

"I don't see why not," Elsa said bluntly. "You're ever so much more attractive to look at than he is!"

"Why, you've never seen him," Ursula interrupted indignantly. Elsa shrugged her shoulders.

"I know, but I've heard about him! He's got long hair and wears a tie with hanging ends, doesn't he?"

Ursula laughed.

"I believe he does! Now I come to think of it—but what does that matter? It's a man's personality that counts."

"I don't know much about personality, but why, what's the matter?"

Ursula had stopped rather breathlessly. "I'm tired, that's all—I don't believe I am quite so strong as I thought I was. Let's go and sit on that stile."

They crossed the road to a gate that led into a field, and Ursula clambered on top of the top bar. It was a beautiful morning, and the sun beat

"A SLIP OF A GIRL," by Sidney Warwick, is the title of our new serial. It is a story of enthralling interest, and the first instalment will appear in these pages on Friday. Place your order with your newsagent in advance, in order to avoid disappointment.

warmly on the girls' faces as they sat there looking over the green meadow. There was a belt of trees beyond, and behind them again misty hills.

"One could almost imagine that the sea was over there," Ursula said unthinkingly.

Elsa looked at her sharply—she knew to whom her thoughts had flown, and she wondered with a little thrill of apprehension what Ursula would say when she knew that Jake was returning to England with her husband.

Several times she had tried to screw up sufficient courage to tell her, but had always failed, and at last she had decided to let things take their own course. If they met, and nothing came of it—well, she had done her best! And in the meantime it was on the knees of the gods.

"I think it's time we went home," Ursula said suddenly, and she started into a reverie again, and her thoughts were so sad that she felt she must push them aside, and give herself no time for retrospection.

They retraced their steps slowly—they had only come quite a short distance from the cottage, but by the time they reached it again Ursula was tired out. There was a telegram lying on the sitting room table. Elsa, rushed across the room and snatched it up, the excited colour rushing to her cheeks.

"For me! No! Oh, Ursula, it's for you!"

They read the message together. It was from Punelli to say that he was going to Cornwall earlier than he had intended, and hoped to call in upon them that afternoon.

"To-day! Oh—it's so soon!"

Ursula's face flushed nervously. She put up one hand to her forehead, half.

"Oh, what will he think of me? I'm such a scarecrow!"

"He'll think you look just a duck," Elsa declared. "And so you do! But you'll have to

(Translation, dramatic and all other rights secured.)

rest before he comes, or you'll be ill again to-morrow."

"Such nonsense! Elsa, I don't believe you want me to get well."

But she gave way, and allowed Elsa to tuck her up on the couch.

"Nurse and I are going out," Elsa said. "So you will have a nice, quiet time. Promise me you'll go to sleep."

Ursula promised meekly, but she knew it would be an impossibility. She was very excited at the thought of seeing Punelli again. She was wondering if he would think her voice had grown much less in strength or quality.

There was an old-fashioned piano in a corner of the room, its walnut top laden with photographs and vases of all sorts and descriptions. She got up impulsively and, crossing the room, moved them all on to the table and opened the piano.

A very old one it was, not quite in tune, and with its ivory keys yellowing with age, but when she struck a few chords with hands that were a little weak and unaccustomed, its tone was vaguely sweet, as if something of each melody that had been wrung from its keys still remained.

Perhaps it was unconsciously that she played the first few bars of the song Jake Rattray had loved—it brought back a little shock of remembrance as the sweetness of the old-fashioned air filled the room. It took her back to the evening he had come to dinner at Henry March's house—to the wistful look in his eyes as they had met hers across the dimly lit room, and the deep sincerity of his voice as he had made his unexpected offer of friendship.

"What will you do, love, when I am going?"

Her hands fell from the keys and, rising hurriedly, she went over to the window with an unbearable sense of suffocation.

Oh, memory was a hateful thing! If only one could tear it out of one's heart and brain and throw it away. She opened the window wide and leaned out into the sunshine. The world could be such a beautiful place if one could only alter circumstances just a little bit! Her eyes wandered again to the line of blue hills across the meadows and she wondered what Jake was doing, and if with every passing moment now the stretch of sea was widening between them.

Some day she supposed that she would be able to hear his name spoken without this cruel contraction at her heart—some day she supposed she would even be able to listen to that song without any special emotion.

EVERYTHING LOST.

SHE went restlessly back to the piano and played its melody again. She had not sung a note for weeks, and with sudden impulse she tried the first line of the song—

"What will you do, love, when I am going—"

Was that her voice—that weak, tuneless sound? She broke off, frightened and horrified, and sat quite still for a moment staring before her at the walnut case of the piano.

What was the matter with her? What had happened? Panic closed about her heart. For a moment her nerves stamped—it cost a desperate effort to control herself. It was all nonsense. She could sing quite well if she tried again, of course—with desperation she struck the chords once more, but her hands shook so that she made of them only a discord.

"What will you do, love, when I am going—"

It was like the wavering voice of a child—her throat felt dry and contracted—the perspiration stood in little beads on her forehead.

Surely she had lost enough already! Her heart went up in a voiceless prayer that she might wake from this nightmare and find it nothing more. She was trembling from head to foot. If she had lost her voice she had lost everything. Oh, surely this last and most bitter blow would not be allowed to fall! The woman who looked after the cottage came to the door.

"A gentleman," she announced. "I can't catch what his name is," she added aggrievedly, and as Ursula turned round mechanically Punelli came into the room. He gave an exclamation of delight when he saw Ursula—he came forward with a little run.

"Ah, my dear young lady—I am so overjoyed to see you! And the beautiful voice! How is the nightingale's beautiful voice?"

The sight of him gave Ursula returning confidence—the panic-stricken throbbing of her heart stilled. Now he was here all would be well—so she tried to assure herself. She answered almost with composure that she was much better, almost well in fact, but she was afraid her voice was very bad still!

He made a gesture with expressive hands. "Ah, but that is all we must expect! A little rest—and then—as beautiful as ever."

He looked round the little sitting-room with faint disappointment. He might sing like an angel, as his many admirers claimed for him, but he had a very human appetite, and he had looked forward to some tea. Ursula guessed his thoughts. She said that tea would come almost immediately.

"I should just like you to try my voice first, if you will," she said nervously. Her heart was beating wildly again now with nervous apprehension as Punelli sat down to the piano, and ran critical fingers up and down the yellowing keys.

"We try a scale—eh?" he asked.

Ursula was standing behind him; she put a hand to her throat and drew a deep breath—she was so afraid now that she could hardly answer him, but she forced herself to say lightly: "I would rather try a song, if you don't mind—"

"Anything! Anything!" He half-turned to smile up at her, and was struck by the strained

By **RUBY M. AYRES**

whiteness of her face. "If it is too much—"

he began.

She shook her head. "No, no; please go on—I should like—if you don't mind—"

"What will you do, love?"

Her voice was jerky and unnatural, but she clung desperately to the thought that this song had been Jake's favourite, and that perhaps it might bring her luck. Punelli played the opening bars softly—

he adored Ursula's voice, and she was his favourite and most promising pupil—he waited with real pleasure to hear her silvery tones again, and then . . .

"What will you do, love—"

The poor, tuneless notes struck on his ear like an overwhelming blow—he stopped playing with a sudden discord, and turning round on his stool slowly, stared up into her colourless face with horrified eyes.

For a moment there was absolute silence, then Ursula broke out in passionate anguish and despair.

"It's gone—hasn't it?—my voice! I shall never be able to sing again—oh, what shall I do! What shall I do?"

Do not miss to-morrow's instalment of this fascinating serial.

SHOES OF HONOUR.

"Bought to See President Wilson," Says County Court Plaintiff.

Shoes bought in honour of President Wilson's visit to London last Christmas formed the subject of a case at West London County Court yesterday.

Mrs. Bateman, of Palliser-road, West Kensington, sued to recover 36s. 6d., the price of a pair of shoes left by her with Mr. Cole, of 203, North End-road, West Kensington.

Erld Bateman, plaintiff's daughter, said her mother bought the shoes on Christmas Eve, to see President Wilson.

His Honour: Oh, that's interesting. Did you see him?—Mother did.

His Honour: In her new shoes? (Laughter.)—Yes.

His Honour: All for the President's pleasure. Defendant declared that they were not left at his shop, but his Honour was satisfied that he lost them, and gave judgment for Mrs. Bateman for 24s.



Ursula Lorrimor

WHERE ARE THE CATS?

Weary Search in Kent for a "Good-Mannered Mice-Lover."

EX-OFFICER'S EXPERIENCE.

From Our Special Correspondent.

CHELSFIELD, KENT, Monday.

Where are the cats nowadays?

These homely pets may soon be as rare and expensive as toy terriers—judging by the extraordinary experience of Lieutenant Cole, R.E., of Woodland Cottage, Chelsfield.

After four years of active service Mr. Cole came home and found that, owing to the ravages of mice from the fields, he needed a cat. He imagined it was a simple matter to obtain an ordinary cat.

He inquired among friends and local acquaintances. "Haven't seen a cat for a long while now," was the usual reply. "They are almost extinct in these parts!" Farther afield he met with the same results.

In the meantime the mice were having splendid times in his kitchen and larder. At last Mr. Cole decided to advertise. He inserted this advertisement in the local paper:—

A discharged officer would like to hear of a well-behaved, good-mannered, large cat (not black), fond of mice; must be good and homely.

This brought a sheaf of letters from various friends enclosing drawings of comical cats. There was also a parcel containing a china cat and a note asking if "this would do instead." There was only one genuine offer of an actual animal.

"I think I've been lucky at last," Mr. Cole told me. "I am now negotiating for a very fine Persian which has been an inmate of a vicarage near by for some years. She is just the sort of pet I am anxious to obtain."

"I have a great objection to black cats—I cannot exactly say why. For one thing, they have a nasty way of becoming invisible at night and perhaps frightening nervous people."

"It is a mystery to me where all the cats in the country have disappeared during the war."

CANADIAN TROOPS' LAST LEAVE.

The entire First Canadian Division is now in England, and a large percentage of the troops are enjoying their last leave before sailing for Canada.

Embarkation of the First Division units for home will start before the middle of this month. The embarkation of the Second Division from France for England started on Friday.

Brides-to-be—Please note!

Full instructions for working this

BEAUTIFUL YET EASY-TO-MAKE BEDSPREAD

will be found in this week's Home Companion.

NOW ON SALE

DON'T MISS these instructions

BUY A COPY TO-DAY

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HOME COMPANION

To Trustees

Have you investigated the advantage of Registered Coupon Bonds?

THE 5 per cent. Registered Coupon Bonds now on sale offer special advantages to Trustees.

The prospectus of National War Bonds issued by the Bank of England on the 31st of January, 1919, states that: "Registered Coupon Bonds are Bonds registered at the Bank of England transferable by deed but the interest thereon is payable by Coupons attached to the certificate of registration which is issued to the holder in respect of each Bond so registered. Holders are thereby enabled to obtain their holdings in registered form and at the same time to have their dividends taxed before receipt."

As Income Tax is deducted at the source, Trustees are relieved of the extra labour and responsibility involved when interest is paid direct to a beneficiary's account, and the sum due to the Inland Revenue has subsequently to be ascertained and repaid.

Interest at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum is paid upon Registered Coupon Bonds on the 1st of February and the 1st of August in each year; and the premium payable on redemption of the Bonds in 1924 or 1929 brings the total yield to approximately 5½ per cent.

While this income is obtainable on a full Trustee Security, unconditionally guaranteed by the British State, the problem of finding a suitable investment for Trust Funds ceases to present any real difficulties. Trustees should purchase Registered Coupon Bonds.

Registered Coupon Bonds

Issued at various denominations of £50, £100, £200, £500, £1,000 and £5,000. Repayable, in the case of £50 and £100, on the 1st of February, 1924, at 100 per cent.; and in the case of the 200, 500 and 1,000, on the 1st of February, 1929, at 100 per cent. Applications must be made on the pre-filled forms which may be obtained at any Bank or Stock Exchange in the United Kingdom.

MY RIVALS IN BEAUTY CONTEST

"Probable's" Impressions of Lovely Competitors.

WINNER'S BIG SURPRISE.

Miss Sabbage Closely Studies Portraits in "Daily Mirror."

By A COMPETITOR.

"Good luck to everyone and may the best girl win!"

Such was the simple but heartfelt toast we gave to each other on the occasion of *The Daily Mirror* luncheon at the Savoy, arranged for both judges and competitors, so that the final choice of Britain's four most beautiful war workers might be made.

I suppose one must have a trained eye for actual loveliness before attempting to choose from a group of beautiful women the supreme jewel of all; and among such conflicting types of feminine perfection as trooped into the Savoy on the great Beauty Day, the task of selection would, indeed, have appeared, in less capable hands, well-nigh impossible.

One did not know where to arrest the gaze. Each girl seemed more beautiful than the last! Undoubtedly all have their idea of a special type which they, personally, admire above all others. I think there is nothing so attractive as a fair-haired girl, so symbolical of Saxon loveliness.

EVERYBODY'S IDEAL.

Gathering of Most Beautiful War Workers from All Parts of Great Britain.

The Ideal of everyone was to be found in the White Room on the great Contest Day—the meeting place of some of the most beautiful war workers from all parts of Britain.

Blue-eyed girls; fair and dark girls; brown-haired, brown-eyed beauties; she of the dusky tresses and dark, black-lashed eyes of the Southerner—all these were represented, making a distractingly lovely group.

One or two possessed in themselves the characteristics of two different types—corn-coloured golden hair, commonly associated with the purely English, above eyes blue as the sea, and long curling black lashes that spoke of Irish origin.

The girls were all charming, too. Bright and cheery, and chatting and laughing with each other, there seemed no element of competition, no rivalry. It was much more like a gay, informal party—Britain's war workers gathered together.

Entirely missing was the "catty" element misguidedly man invariably imagines reigns supreme amongst our superior sex! "Bon camaraderie" and friendliness were conspicuously evident.

We had the greatest fun. After a perfectly good lunch and some delightful speeches to the war workers present, photographs were taken—the "movie" man came in and prepared a film for the picture palaces. Afterwards, everyone was invited to tea—a cheerful, happy gathering. There was complete unanimity as to the success, and, he said incidentally, real pleasure derived from the entertainment.

Sincere tribute should, I think, be paid to *The Daily Mirror* and those responsible for inaugurating such a competition, for that its success was assured was undeniable.

The interest and enthusiasm aroused in its progress was nearly world-wide, and no paper has ever so successfully evolved such a scheme. The generosity shown in the arrangements for the competitors and the admirable initiative

that prompted *The Daily Mirror* to start the competition received our full recognition.

Apart from the "honour and glory" rightly gained by the outstanding success of the venture, it was an entirely disinterested affair, for it is childish to suppose that the expense incurred by the advertisement and the handsome cash prizes, are in any way balanced by the sale of a paper that has a more than extensive market already.

There was only one opinion as to the fairness of the final judging. Everyone was agreed as to the impartiality of the method chosen for selecting the winner, and also the tact and efficiency with which the judging was conducted. As will be readily understood by those acquainted with the personnel of the committee, it could not have been in better hands.

Not the least, I think, of the joy of the leading four will be the trip to Paris by aeroplane, and their triumph there.

Personally, I have not won the £500, but that is just as well perhaps, as it would have led me into frightful extravagance, and aeroplaning always gives me a headache! (Did I hear murmurs of "sour grapes"?)

Here's to them, anyway! Here's to the Four Beauties—Britain's leading Queens. The best of luck and heartiest congratulations to them all, "and the best girl will win!"

"A WONDERFUL CHANCE."

Miss Miriam Sabbage Gives Her Impressions of the Beauty Competition.

Miss Miriam Sabbage, who won the £500 prize, gives *The Daily Mirror* the following vivacious account of her impressions of the competition:

When *The Daily Mirror* first published details of the Beauty Competition I couldn't help feeling a thrill of excitement—it seemed such a wonderful chance. But, naturally, I felt somewhat diffident about sending in my photograph at first.

I watched *The Daily Mirror* carefully and scrutinised the faces of the competitors each day.

Eventually I made up my mind to "enter the lists," when, to my surprise, I found that I had been forestalled—a snapshot of me appeared in the next morning's *Daily Mirror*.

Of course, I was frightfully curious to know who had sent it, and it was not until several weeks later that I discovered that my own mother was responsible.

I felt very excited when I received the invitation to the lunch at the Savoy.

Although I hardly dared to consider the possibilities of being the lucky No. 1, I must confess, at the risk of being thought horribly conceited, I had hopes of creeping into the "first four" that Paris trip seemed too good to be missed!

'MY SPIRITS ROSE AND ROSE'

Miss Sabbage Is Offered £10 for Her Chance of Success in Competition.

I had to endure a great deal of "chipping" from my friends, especially at the bank.

One of the controllers offered me £10 for my chance, but, luckily for me, I refused to "take him on!"

At the luncheon my spirits rose and rose. It was all so bright and gay and sociable that it was impossible not to feel perfectly at ease.

What struck me most, I think, was the spirit of camaraderie existing among the girls.

Everybody seemed to "make friends" directly and there was an entire absence of any sort of pettiness or conceit.

We all signed each others' "menu cards" and wished each other the "best of luck" (with a mental reservation, naturally), and I, for one, wish *The Daily Mirror* would have a reunion of the thirty prettiest war workers in England every year.

MIRIAM J. SABBAGE.



THOSE "SILVER THREADS."

How Grey or Faded Hair can be transformed into hair rich with the radiance of life and youth.

The woman who permits her hair to lose its colour and gloss and natural tone, or to remain grey or faded, has only herself to blame. All she has to do is to call at the nearest Chemist's or Stores and ask for Hinde's Hair Tint, universally known as *Silvers*, the product of the world-famous inventors of so many aids to the toilet. Hinde's Hair Tint is not only the one reliable corrective for grey or faded hair; it is used by thousands who though not actually grey, wish to improve the colour of the hair. And certain it is that Hinde's Hair Tint does enhance the beauty of the hair and that in no insignificant degree.

Hinde's HAIR TINT

Hinde's Hair Tint needs only to be combed through the hair and with perfect confidence. It is washable and permanent. Any attempt to use ill-made solutions results not only in serious injury to the hair and health, but invariably ends in a sad disappointment, for the result is too apparent even to the most casual observer—shades of violet and green forcing themselves upon the notice of the unimpaired outside world. You can get Hinde's Hair Tint in any natural shade required—brown, dark brown, light brown, black, auburn and golden. A medical certificate accompanies each bottle. It costs 2s. 6d. Chemists and Stores everywhere, or direct—

HINDE'S, Ltd.

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Patentees and Manufacturers of the World-Famous Hinde's Wavers.



Viotto Handkerchief PERFUME

The Soul of the Violet.

This celebrated perfume was originated by us and sold under the name "Otto of Violets," but it became so widely imitated that we protected our customers by registering the single word "Viotto." The genuine article is now only obtainable under the name "VIOTTO."

Sold by all Chemists and Stores, 2/8, 5/-, 9/6, 17/6 per bottle.

Wholesale: B. BRONKLEY AND CO., LTD., LONDON, W. 3.



CRASHED, AND NOBODY HURT.—This machine crashed on a roadway during a night flight, but the pilot and two mechanics escaped unhurt.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Give your baby Dr. Ridge's Patent Cooked Food in its tenderest years, and you will be rewarded by seeing it later grown into healthy youth and manhood or womanhood. Dr. Ridge's Food is concentrated nourishment which even the weakest stomach can assimilate. It is the premier food for body and brain, quickly transforming the single weakly baby into a picture of happiness and health.

Try your baby on Dr. Ridge's Patent Cooked Food for one week. You will then realize its great use. Doctors, nurses and thousands of grateful mothers recommend it.

Every chemist and grocer sells Dr. Ridge's Food in 8d., 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d. tins, also in 8d. packets.—(Adv.)

MRS. RUTHERFORD'S APPEAL TO HUSBAND. Doctor on the Strangeness of Colonel Rutherford.

"A DAZED LOOK."

(Continued from page 2.)

The Attorney-General then read a letter from Mrs. Rutherford to her husband, and said that before it was sent there appeared to be a great change in her attitude towards him.

She said in this:—
"They advised me to get a divorce, but I refused with tears, because I thought I still loved you. Now I know I do not."

Later she wrote:—
"My dear Norman,—The children were all delighted with their war souvenirs. I am unhappy. Divorce seems the only means of obtaining even moderate happiness, help me to get it."

Shortly before the prisoner came home on January 6 two photographs, one which had been in Mrs. Rutherford's dressing-room and the other which had been in Mrs. Rutherford's bedroom were, at the request of Mrs. Rutherford, removed and put away by one of the maids. Both were photographs of Major Seton. Counsel also said that letters used to come for Mrs. Rutherford in Major Seton's handwriting. The jury would further be told that Mrs. Rutherford used to post her letters herself. There is no motive sufficient for murder," said the Attorney-General, "but there are motives which we know act with great and compelling force in the minds of men, and of these motives surely the strongest are jealousy and revenge."

"If you can accept the evidence (said Sir Gordon to the jury), it is a case of murder deliberately planned, methodically and thoroughly carried out and appreciated by the doer. You will notice in his messages to his wife he does not say, 'I have done my duty; I have shot Seton'; but 'I am sorry, the worst possible has happened.'"

"HEAD BETWEEN HANDS."

"To anyone who brings his mind to bear upon the facts contained in these depositions, the case admits of no defence excepting the defence of insanity."

"You will decide not according to any appeal to your sympathy or passion, but decide as your duty requires according to the evidence."

After Sir Malcolm and Lady Seton had given evidence, Inspector Trotts said that when he saw prisoner at the police station he had his head between his hands. Colonel Rutherford struck him as a man just waking up from sleep.

Dr. Chippendale, the divisional police surgeon, said that on the night of the tragedy Colonel Rutherford had a curious gaze. This paranoic condition could exist in a perfectly healthy person.

He added that Colonel Rutherford had a curious dazed look.

Sir A. Bodkin (re-examining) Do you say he did not know he had shot Major Seton?

Witness: He did know what he had done, but I don't think his appreciation of horror and remorse were the same as would have been shown in a man of perfect sanity.

Counsel: Was it more or less?

Witness: Less. He did not seem capable of appreciating it as an ordinary person would have done.

The hearing was adjourned until to-day.

OPEN-AIR TEA IN THE PARKS.

The big army of demobilised soldiers, Waacs and other war workers who have grown accustomed to fresh air, and prefer taking their meals in a healthier and more open-air fashion, raises the question of the provision of better facilities for obtaining open-air tea and refreshments in the London parks and open spaces.

Most of the refreshment places in London's open spaces will start at Easter. The Daily Mirror learns.

Lord Crawford visited the municipal booths in Paris yesterday and said he proposed to study the question of introducing similar booths in London and other towns.

ACTRESS TELLS SECRET.

A Well-Known Actress Tells How to Darken Grey Hair with a Simple Home Made Mixture.

Joicy Williams, the well-known American actress, made the following statement about grey hair and how to darken it:

"Anyone can prepare a simple mixture that will darken grey hair, at very little cost, that will darken grey streaked or faded hair, and make it soft and glossy. To a half pint of water add 1 ounce of bay rum and a small box of Orlex Compound. These ingredients can be bought at any chemist's at very little cost, or any chemist can put it up for you. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. This will make a grey haired person look 20 years younger. This is not a dye, it does not colour the most delicate scalp, it is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off." (Adv.)

DE VEULLE GUILTY.

Sentenced to Eight Months in Second Division.

"PROCURING COCAINE."

Reginald de Veulle who on Friday was acquitted by an Old Bailey jury of the manslaughter of Billie Carleton was yesterday placed in the dock to answer the second count in the indictment, that of conspiring with Ada Lo Ping Yoo to unlawfully procure quantities of cocaine for purposes other than an authorised one.

He pleaded guilty to the conspiracy charge, and was sentenced to eight months in the second division.

Mr. Justice Salter, in passing sentence, hoped that the law would never again allow traffic in these deadly drugs as if they were groceries.

Sir R. Muir, who prosecuted, said that De Veulle was undoubtedly a frequenter with bad characters, in the habit of taking dangerous drugs.

One of these people, an extremely degraded character, might be proceeded against later.

Counsel mentioned that some of these people were alleged to have been concerned in the famous £10,000 blackmailing charge.

It was known to Inspector Currie, of Scotland Yard, a month before the woman's death, said counsel, that the prisoner had been trafficking in cocaine with Billie Carleton, but it was only fair to say that De Veulle did not seem to have trafficked in the drug with any other person.

In this very case, added counsel, cocaine had been stolen from the Red Cross Society and sold to certain persons.

The drug, said Sir R. Muir, had been sold in the streets. A well-known sprinter was in the habit of hawking cocaine in the street, and when suspecting that he was being followed he ran and threw the drug away.

On behalf of the prisoner, Mr. Huntly Jenkins said that De Veulle was the son of the Sir John de Veulle who had been a British Consul in France.

NEWS ITEMS.

The 1919 potato crop will not be taken over by the Food Controller.

K.C.M.G. has been conferred upon General C.B. B. White, General Birdwood's Chief of Staff in Gallipoli and France.

The Missing Bridegroom.—The body has been recovered from Enfield Lock of Oliver Pollard, twenty-eight, Woking, who disappeared a month ago on the eve of his wedding.

Matches and Cotton.—A general licence has been issued for the importation of dyed, coloured and printed cottons; 90,000 gross of Belgian matches are to be imported.

Hidden Gems.—Clara Whiteley was yesterday sentenced to nine months' imprisonment in the second division in the case in which stolen diamonds were found buried in a back garden in Dublin.

WOMEN AS COLONISTS.

Emigration was soon going to be one of the problems which we had to face as part of the aftermath of war, said Lord Milner at a meeting of the British Women's Emigration Association, the South African Colonisation Society and the Colonial Intelligence League yesterday to consider the question of the migration of women overseas.

"I think," he continued, "the Government ought to give a great deal more help—much more money—and guidance in this matter."

WHERE THE WHISKY WENT.

The great whisky famine which had worried so many people, said Professor J. Young, of the Royal Military College, at Burlington House last night, was due to the necessity for high explosives, the liquor being redistilled into pure alcohol and thus helping to kill the Boche.

Picture - News from every quarter of the Globe, with the comments of Mr. Horatio Bottomley, M.P., and Britain's leading publicists on current events in the

SUNDAY PICTORIAL

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No. 51.—For average figure, in strong Corset. Medium high bust, trimmed embroidery, unbreakable boning throughout. Four suspenders. Sizes 20 to 30ins. ... 9/11

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Write for Booklet "F.G. Ravissant Corsets" containing illustrations of a wider selection of Models.

No. 37.—Sports Corset in Corset, elastic top, very low bust, and lightly boned. Sizes 20 to 30ins. 16/9

FREDERICK GORRINGE, Ltd., Buckingham Palace Road, London, S.W.1.

LONDON AMUSEMENTS.

ADDELPHI. W. H. BERRY. "THE BOY." To-night, at 8. Mats. Wed and Sat. at 2.
AMBASSADORS. 2.45 and 8.30. LEP WHITE in new song show "US." Every Eve. Mats. Tues, Fri, Sat, 2.45.
APOLLO.—Gerr. 3243. Every evening, at 8. Mats. Tues, Fri, Sat. 2.30. DR. JOY. A new Musical Play.
BEECHAM OPERA SEASON, Drury Lane.—To-night, 8. Aida. Wed. Mat., 8.15. Heliogabalus.
COMEDY.—Evenings, at 8.15. TAILS UP. A Musical Entertainment. Matinee, Mon, Fri, Sat. 2.30.
COURT.—Nobility. 7.45. Mat. Wed and Easter Mon. 2.15. "School for Scandal." "Twelfth Night." Mats. Sat. 2.15.
CROYDON.—2.30. 8.30. QUEEN ALICE. HIPPOLYTE. MAT. Moore, A. Wrenner. Mat. Tues. Thurs. Sat. 2.30.
DALY'S. 2 and 8. THE MAID OF THE MOUNTAINS. Jose Collins. Mats. Tues. Sat. and Easter Mon. at 2.
DUKE OF YORKS.—2.30. 8. THE MAN FROM TORONTO. George Tully, Iris Ho. Mats. Tue, Th. Sat. Ap. 21. 2.30.
GARRICK.—Eves. 8. Mat. Tues and Sat. 2.30. C. B. Cochran presents Robert Lorraine as Cyrano de Bergerac.
GLOBE.—Marie Lohr. Eves. 8.15. "VICTORY." by B. M. Hastings. Mat. Wed. Sat. and Easter Mon. 2.15.
HAYMARKET. Eves. 8. "UNCLE SAM." A Comedy of American Life. Mat. Wed. Th. Sat. at 2.30.
HIS MAJESTY'S. 3rd Year. CHU CHIN CHOW. Nightly. 7.30. Mat. Mon. Wed. Th. Sat. 2.25.
KINGSWAY. Musical Comedy. "SOLDIER BOY." Eves. 8.15. Mat. Tues. Fri. and Sat. 2.30. Ger. 400.
LONDON PAVILION.—C. B. Cochran's "AS YOU PLEASE." Eves. 8.30. Mat. Wed and Sat. 2.30.
LYRIC.—Doris Keane in "ROMEO AND JULIET." Twice Daily. 2.30 and 7.30. Gerrard 7617.
LYRIC.—DOUGLAS KEANE in "ROMEO AND JULIET." ELLLEN TERRY. Sat. next, April 12. (Gerrard 3697).
LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH.—Eves. 8. Mats. Wed. Thurs. Sat. 2.30. ABRAHAM LINCOLN, by John Drinkwater.
MASKELL'S THEATRE OF MYSTERY. 3 and 8. Wonder Programme. 8. to 10. Mayfair 1545.
NEW. Nightly, at 8. "THE CHINESE PUZZLE." Ethel Irvine, L. Braithwaite, L. M. Lion. Mats. Th. Sat. 2.30.
OXFORD.—Eves. 8.30. "IN THE NIGHT WATCH." Madge Tiberadge. Mat. Mon. Wed and Sat. 2.30.
PLAYHOUSE. Eves. 8. "THE NIGHTMARE WIFE." Chas. Hawtree, Gladys Cooper. Mat. Mon. Th. 8. 2.30.
PRINCE'S. At 8. "THE OFFICERS' MESSES." Musical Farce. Mats. Wed. Fri. Sat. 2.30. Last Week.
QUEEN'S. "THE HOUSE OF PERIL." Town Sars. Evenings, at 8.15. Wed. 8.30.
ROYALTY.—8.15. Mat. Th. Sat. 2.30. CÉSAR'S WIFE, by S. Maugham. Fay Compton, C. A. Smith. Eves. Moore, ST. JAMES.—Gerrards. Eves. 8.15. EYES OF VIOLET. Nightly, at 8.15. Matinees. Wed and Sat. at 2.30.
ST. MARTIN'S.—Eves. 8.15. "THE NIGHTMARE WIFE." NERS. REYNOLDS HICKS. Mat. Tues and Sat. 2.30.
SAVOY.—Gilbert Miller presents "NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH." Eves. 8.15. Mats. Wed. Thurs. Sat. 2.30.
SCALA.—MATHESON LANG in "THE PURPLE MASK." Eves. 8.15. Matinees. Wed. Thurs. Sat. 2.30.
SHAFFESBURY.—"YES, UNCLE!" (2nd Year) Evenings. 8. Matinee. Wed. 2.30.
STRAND.—ARTHUR BOURCHIER in "SCANDAL." Evenings. 8. Matinee. Wed. Thurs. Sat. 2.30.
VADEVILLE.—A. Nelson. Eves. 8. "JOY-BELLS." Berne, Margaret Bannerman. Mats. Tu. Th. Fri. Sat. 2.30.
WYNDHAM'S.—THE LAW DIVINE. A Comedy by H. V. Esmond. 2.30 and 8.15. Mats. Wed. Thurs. Sat. 2.30.
ALHAMBRA.—Eves. 8. Mats. Wed. Th. Sat. 2.15. Bing Boys on Broadway. Victor and Gussie. 2.30.
COLISEUM.—(Ger. 7541.) 2.30. 7.45. Godfrey Tearle and Co., Harry Tate, Charlie Mason. 8. A. Robert.
HIPPODROME.—London.—2.30. 8.30. "JOY-BELLS!" SHIRLEY KELLOGG, GEO. ROBEY, etc. Ger. 650.
THE PALACE.—Eves. 8. Mon. Wed. 8. "JOY-BELLS!" AMERICA! Elsie Janis, Maurice Chevalier, Billy Merson. PALLADIUM.—2.30. 6 and 8.15. Bathing Incident. George Graves and Co. H. Widdon. Gussie Eden, Hilda Ginder. PHILHARMONIC HALL, Gt. Portland-st.—"WITH CAPT. SCOTT IN THE ANCHOR." W.-R.A.F. Exhibition. "War in the Air." Guards Band. Daily, 10-4. Sun. 2.30-5.30. NEW GALLERY.—"The Life of Nelson." At 2.30. 4.35. and 8. Donald Chipchase as Nelson.
QUEEN'S (Small) Hall, 10. 8.30. 9.30. (4s. 6d.) Evening Dance. 8 p.m. Evg Dress (8s. 6d.). Jazz Band.

PERSONAL.

DEAREST Boy. Verdon arrival. Write same address—Ralph.



See that the name "Grafton Voile" is stamped on the selvedge, and on the label of ready-made garments.
If your local draper is out of stock, write to Grafton's 68, Watling Street, London, E.C.4, who will see that a good selection of Patterns are sent to you. Post Free

Daily Mirror

Tuesday, April 8, 1919.

A "FORGERY" JUSTIFIED.



John Westwood, aged fifteen, of Canning Town, who, when his brother George was killed, altered the dead man's identity certificate and joined the Navy for revenge. George (in circle) was killed while saving passengers from a torpedoed ship. He had won the D.S.M. and Albert Medal. John was found out, but discharged at the police-court.



A MOTHER'S HEROISM.—Mrs. Stevenson, of St. Pancras, who, when her house caught fire, fought her way through choking smoke to rescue her twin girls. She saved one child (seen above), but the other, May Victoria, died of burns after being carried out of the house.



THE QUEEN PRESENTS PRIZES AND CUP.



The Queen and Princess Mary inspecting W.R.A.F.S.' work at the exhibition of the Women's War Services' competitions. Her Majesty distributed the prizes and presented the Queen's cup to the winning corps. (Daily Mirror photograph.)

ON TRIAL



Lieut.-Col. Rutherford.



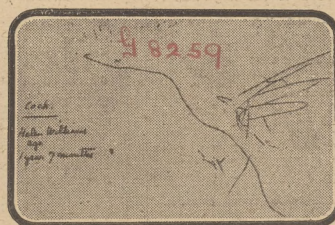
Poignant letters, written by Mrs. Rutherford, were read at the Old Bailey at the trial of her husband, Lieut.-Col. Norman Rutherford, D.S.O.



BACK TO THE NAVY AGAIN.—Leaving Victoria for Chatham yesterday. They re-enlisted in response to the Admiralty's request for men to serve in Russian waters. Many wore wound stripes.



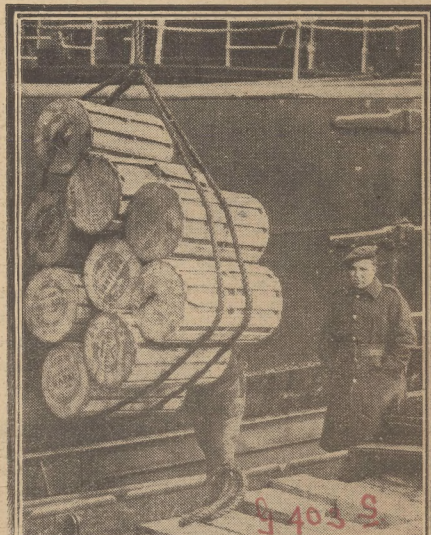
Their view of the jazz-chase. A "highly commended" drawing.



You can tell it by the feathers.



Child visitors to the Royal Drawing Society's exhibition at the Guildhall Art Gallery. It is well worth a visit. **NINETEEN-MONTHS-OLD ARTIST.**—The smallest of the pictures seen above is by a little girl of the mature age of one year and seven months, and represents a cock! (Daily Mirror photographs.)



"NEITHER SHALL HE EAT?"—Food for German civilians is being sent to districts where order is maintained. Strike areas must mend their ways first. (Exclusive.)